IN MEMORIAM: WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

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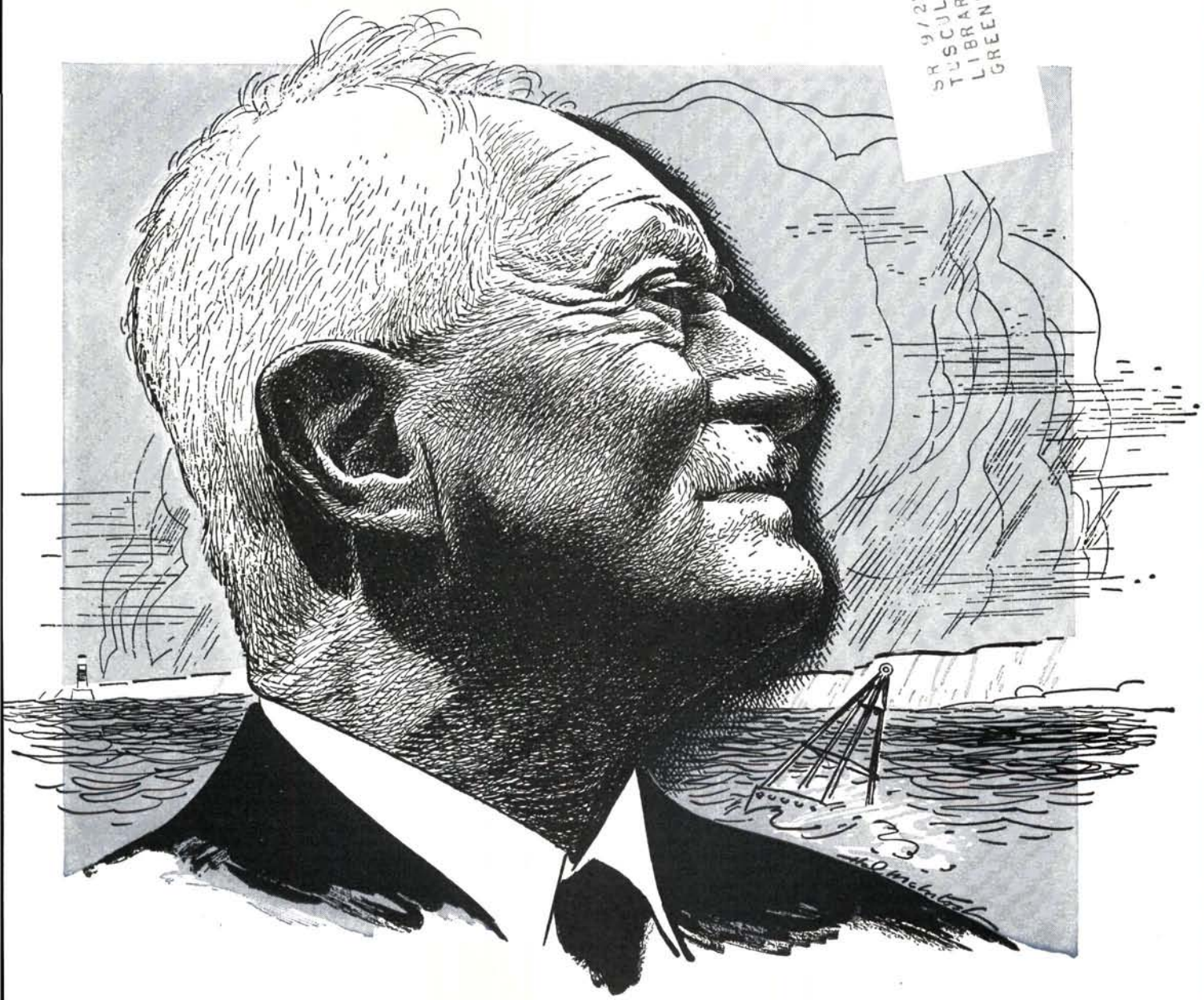

John Masefield—"the clear, visionary gaze." (See article by Horace Gregory, page 14)

The Why and The How

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SRL ANNUAL POETRY NUMBER

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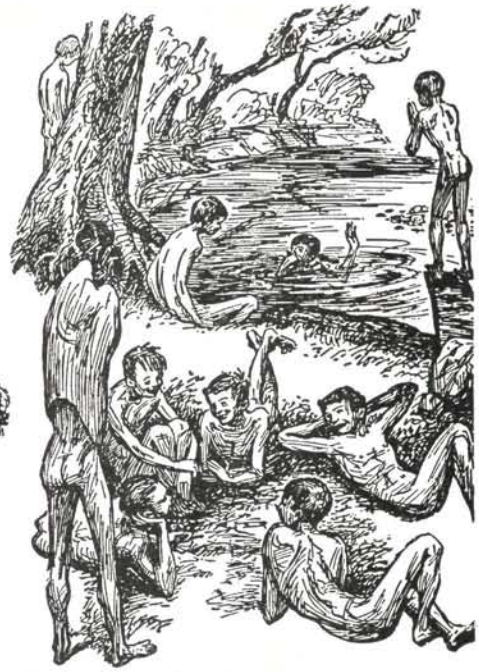
Hooray for the **fun** of growing up on a Maine farm seventy years ago

There was the fun of having plenty of brothers and sisters to play with. Especially a young brother who fell down and cried every time you were stalking game on a gunning trip, who was always getting into mischief — and never got punished because he "wouldn't have done it if he hadn't seen you do it."

There was the fun that went with hunting for bird eggs for your collection and the impressions left by ventures in beekeeping — impressions so deep that you still remember the poem

"How doth the little busy bee
improve each shining minute
He clambers right up on your
neck and shoves his stinger in it."



There was the fun of swimming in the old swimming hole—when you could talk your mother into its superiority over tub bathing, and the fun of fishing for trout, hornpouts, eels and suckers—when you had a father who thought the real sin, if you ducked Sunday School, was not catching fish!

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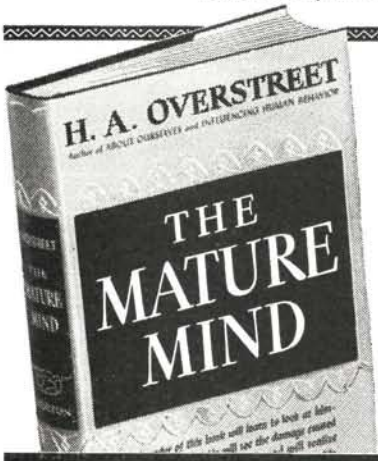

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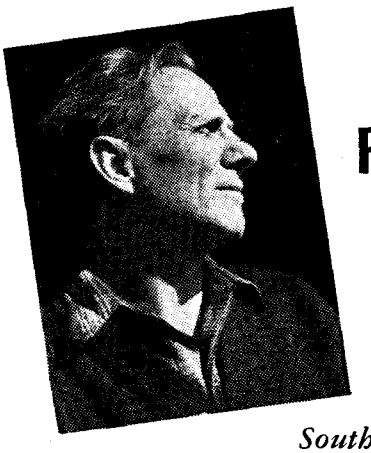

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MORROW

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TRADE Winds

MOST OF THE city "slickers" who play big-league hockey for New York, Chicago, Detroit, and Boston are really natives and residents in off-season of towns like Duck River or Thicket Portage deep in the snow and ice of Canada. By the same token, it's amazing to discover how many of the star basketball players in universities all over the country were born and raised in Indiana. That includes the pint-sized, slippery runts as well as stringy bean-poles like the creation of Robert Day, who simply stood under the basket and let rivals' shots bounce harmlessly off his noggin, leading his coach to enthuse, "Best darn guard in the history of the school!"

In Greencastle, when I visited De Pauw University, I had the opportunity to see a top grade of Indiana basketball and observe the hysteria it engendered in the entire community. I arrived in the late afternoon and was not scheduled to speak in the chapel until the following morning. At dinner with the boys of Sigma Delta Chi Jim Ward and Tom Abbott asked if I'd like to sit in the press box and help cover the De Pauw-Franklin game for the *Indianapolis Star.* Would I? I hadn't seen basketball from a press box since I wrote up Columbia games in 1919 for the *Tribune*! The game I saw this evening was a humdinger and the way those Indiana boys handled themselves was an eye-opener. Hamilton and Freeland probably will be getting bids from pro outfits when they graduate. . . .

SAM HANNA and Ed Hamilton share the book business in Greencastle. Sam is such a slick salesman he persuaded me to buy one of my own Modern Library books for rereading. (It was Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," a remarkably prophetic novel in light of what the Kremlin top-brass has been getting away with in the past few years.) . . . Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam was president of De Pauw from 1928 to 1936; David Lilienthal is the university's most distinguished living graduate. . . . Mickey Boeke won a local humor contest sponsored by Life Savers with the story of the botany professor who told an inquiring student, "No, son, that's not a poplar tree at all. They seem to prefer the lamp post down the street." He also told me about the waiter who brought a tray of food to two young ladies in an Italian spaghetti emporium and demanded, "Which one had the tortoni?" Mickey is going to end up as a columnist if he doesn't watch out. . . . Raymond Pence, distinguished head of the De Pauw English Department, made an observation that should cheer the heart of every teacher in the country: "Never forget that the most beautiful sight in the world is watching the dawning of a new idea—and the teacher is in the strategic position of seeing that sight more often than any other person." . . .

ON THE MONON streamliner out of Chicago I fell in with a trio of be-bop experts on their way to fill a night-club engagement in Louisville and managed to understand almost a third of everything they had to say. The leader in particular reminded me of a character Garson Kanin loves to talk about. This exponent of rhythm in the super-modern idiom—let's call him Jones—kept himself hopped up continuously with marijuana, and after he was drafted in 1943 found himself unable to cope with Army life when his supply suddenly was cut off. As a desperate expedient Jones decided to plant a marijuana patch around his barracks. Day after day he watered his prospering shrubs industriously and without interference. Just before they were ripe for plucking, however, the official recognition he had been dreading materialized. A full colonel strode into the area and Jones's company was drawn up for inspection. "Private Jones," barked the colonel, "step two paces forward." "Here's where I get it," thought Jones. The colonel eyed him sharply, then pinned a decoration on his lapel. "This medal," he explained, "is for the only man in the outfit with sufficient pride to plant a little greenery outside his barracks and tend it in his own spare time!" . . .

H. ALLEN SMITH had an encounter aboard a train recently, too. He was bound for California to settle details regarding the filming of his hilarious baseball story, "Rhubarb," and in the diner of the *Chief* was seated opposite a very stout party attired in a very loud slack suit. The stout party eyed him speculatively, then hazarded, "You wouldn't by any chance be a newspaperman?" Mildly surprised, Smith allowed as how he was. "Ever know O. O. McIntyre?" asked the stranger. "Yes, I did," said Smith. "What a character! He was a real pal," enthused the stranger. "Ever know Heywood Broun?" "I met him, too," said Smith. "They don't come any

"Here it is, J. L., the cover design for our pocket-book edition of Aristotle's 'Ethics.'"

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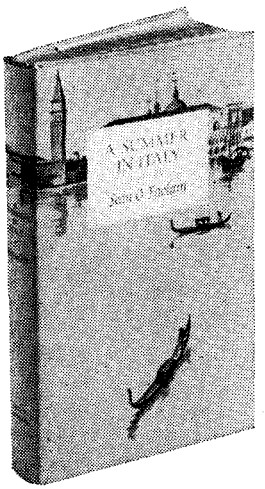
DEVIN-ADAIR *Spring List*

don't miss



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by Sean O'Faolain

Author of *The Irish: A Character Study* and *The Man Who Invented Sin.*

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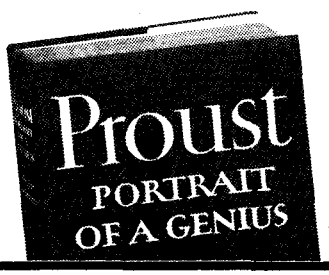

better," said the stranger heartily. "And say, didja ever run into a feller named H. Allen Smith?" "I think I know him," admitted Smith. The stranger slapped his thigh, and roared, "Oh, man, what a lush! He had a date to meet me once and showed up with his head bandaged like a sheik. Somebody had popped him with a beer bottle in a bar-room brawl but he knew I was waiting for him, so he showed up anyhow. By the way, feller, what's your name?"

Smith slowly extracted a card from his wallet and flipped it across the table. The man read it and deflated like a punctured balloon. He covered his eyes with his pudgy hands and rocked from side to side. "Oh, Lord," he moaned. "Me and my big mouth!" Then he rallied slightly. "Honest, Mr. Smith, I did meet you. I was in a store once when you were autographing books."

Smith wonders how the stout gentleman behaved the next time he found himself seated opposite a stranger in a dining car. Chances are he bided his time and then remarked, "You wouldn't by any chance be a newspaperman?" . . .

THE BAKER AND TAYLOR COMPANY, one of the biggest and most efficiently managed book wholesalers in America, will move from New York City to a new building at Hillside, New Jersey, thirty minutes from Manhattan, on or about July 31. Various mechanical contrivances, such as a streamlined conveyor-belt system, all located on one floor, will facilitate the speedy filling of orders. The new location will be the firm's fifteenth since it was founded in 1830 in Hartford, Connecticut. Today it maintains a constant stock of approximately 750,000 volumes, representing more than 600 publishers. . . . Louis Untermeyer and Ralph Shikes will edit "The Best Humor of 1949-1950" for publication by Holt in the fall. . . . Quentin Reynolds's life of Samuel Leibowitz, spectacular New York criminal lawyer and judge, will be titled "Courtroom" and published May 25 by Farrar, Straus. Reynolds's next chore—a complete change of pace—will be a story of the Wright Brothers told for kids from

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nine to thirteen. . . . David Selznick has bagged the screen rights to John Hersey's "The Wall" for a reputed $100,000 plus a percentage of the profits. An unusual clause in the contract gives Hersey veto power over the script and choice of cast and director. Since the Messrs. Selznick and Hersey both have very definite ideas and a reputation for getting their own way, Hollywood expects fireworks. . . . Macrae, Smith are doing well with their What to Say and How to Say It series in six languages. One direct-mail customer demanded a copy of "How to Ask for It in Italy and France"! . . . And Mrs. Elsie Clough in the Book Shop at Providence asked a customer, "May I help you?" "Thank you, no," replied the customer pleasantly. "I'm just drooling." . . .

MCGRAW-HILL'S Whittlesey House has bagged the eagerly sought trade distribution rights to General Mills' long-heralded "Betty Crocker Cook Book." Several years in the making, this sure-fire best seller will be launched with double-page color spreads in all the leading women's magazines and a first printing of half a million copies. Probable price: $2.95, with a loose-leaf edition a dollar higher. . . . Fine food and libations were on tap at the Ritz on May 11, when the Limited Editions Club celebrated Bruce Rogers's eightieth birthday, founder George Macy's fiftieth, and its own twenty-first at one and the same time. The wines, it was pointed out, were twenty-one years old, too. One guest was so impressed with all this grandeur that when he paused for a Nedick's orange juice on the way home, he sipped it tentatively and sent it back, declaring angrily, "This juice is not room temperature." —BENNETT CERF.

Young Girl: Achill

By Padraic Colum

I'D BRING you these for dowry:
A field from heather free,
White sheep upon the mountain,
And calves that follow me.

I saw you by the well-slope
Upon Saint Finnian's Day;
I thought you'd come and ask for me,
But you stayed far away.

Oh, if you ask not for me,
But leave me here instead,
The petticoat in dye-pot here
Will never fast its red

For me, beside the well-slope,
To wear on Finnian's Day:
My dress will be the sheet bleached there,
My place, below its clay!

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The Saturday Review of Literature

William Rose Benét

February 2, 1886 — May 4, 1950

—*Arni.*

Henry Seidel Canby

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This annual poetry number of* The Saturday Review, *edited by William Rose Benét, was completed and in type when news came of his death on May 4. With the exception of the tributes to him in the opening pages, the issue is exactly as he planned it. Presumably, his editorial on "The Why and The How," in which he surveys his own work, was the last thing he wrote for publication.*

I HAVE known and admired and loved William Rose Benét for almost half a century, ever since as a lank and rather frightened freshman he came to live in a Yale dormitory where I was proctor. His smile won me. But it was sixteen years later, after he joined me in the founding of the old *Literary Review*, which became *The Saturday Review of Literature*, that I learned to understand the rare quality of his mind. Those were merry days of hard work and enthusiasm, and an optimism that is now only historical. Bill could do anything—write poetry, write editorials, write criticism, and put his heart and his already mellow style into everything he wrote. He had come to New York as a youth with only courage and a love of literature to back him, and walking into the office of *The Century*, then our leading literary magazine, had told Richard Watson Gilder, that kindly patron of all young poets, that he had come for a job and would stay until he got one, any job. We were lucky to inherit him. And like a young and vigorous birch transplanted from the fields into new earth, he leafed into abundance. Humor salted the sap of his native romance and for a while he conducted what I still think was the wisest and wittiest and most graceful column in New York. Then he took all poetry in his care and not only wrote but nourished the gift in others. In this respect he was one of that group of radiant minds who have sweetened the atmosphere of literature.

I wrote of him once, "He is a man of mingled fire and honey, whose concern is every human interest except his own." Now that he is dead, I should like to add that he was a valiant soul. There was nothing soft in his kindness. If he lacked some of the tough fiber of his brother Stephen, he equaled him in imagination and in courage. He was tolerant, humorous; it was an unforgettable experience to see him grasp in talk a flashing idea or explode at a suggestion of meanness, injustice, or spite. He knew Mark Twain was right when he said that laughter was the most successful weapon against the depravity of the human race, but when Bill could not laugh he raged.

Yet I like best to think of Bill Benét as one who was formed and featured as a poet ought to be. When he came into our office he would remind me of Shakespeare's lines

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:—

This sounds rather magniloquent, for Benét was not a sun, nor were we mountain-tops, yet he gilded our air, which was too often dusty with facts and figures and pettier concerns, merely by his presence, which was of a man whose thought was always ready to take wing, was winging already while we talked. Not that he was impractical, but the practical for him required some corner of the mind free from the trivial or the gross.

It is clear that I am writing of a nineteenth-century poet, which was precisely what Benét was in the truest and best sense. He belonged to that era—not ended, I trust, but suspended—when a poet still had so much faith in and love for man that he could rage at the fallacies of progress without getting ashes in his mouth or a stomach sour from fright. He was Browning's man, but with more social conscience, more sentiment, and less intellectual subtlety. According to modern taste he was too fluent, and indeed had such confidence in poetry that he preferred to write too much rather than too little and thus become unintelligible even to himself. He belongs to the last of those poets who summed up a century by adding to Milton's definition that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate the further stipulation that it should be a delight.

I do not know how the future will rank his poetry. It may be said that he wrote too freely. The reply might be that he could not do otherwise. Even as a youth he "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came." Some of his poems will certainly last with the best of his time. But to the man himself as one of the most lovable and most heartening of his day, many will bear witness. By no means unacquainted with the hard realism of loss and suffering and hardship, he held fast to the instinctive happiness which seems to have been his birthright and it bloomed in his words and his very look at the end. He will be more deeply missed than many a more congested thinker or bitter prophet of the approaching doom of man.

—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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The Gallant Spirit

—*Arni.*

Amy Loveman

IF TO LIVE in hearts we leave behind is not to die, William Rose Benét will live so long as a friend survives him. He had a genius for friendship — gave it lavishly and won it in a measure vouchsafed to few. There was in him a bright and incandescent flame which rose to the challenge of individual need as it did to the manifold agonies of the wider world, for which he felt such passionate concern. There was no personal call upon his compassion or assistance that went unregarded, no matter how remote the title to his interest, nor was there ever pressure enough of his own affairs to deny the service of his pen and time to the public causes which enlisted his sympathy and often his indignation. He knew neither malice nor envy. With those among the poets who were his peers he was generous in his admiration, discerning in his praise, fearless in his judgment; to the young aspirants of poetry who heaped his desk with contributions he was unstinting of his time, of his counsel, and of his encouragement, and if, in his honesty, he felt that discouragement was his duty he mingled so much kindness with his criticism that the sting went out of it. Kindness was the essence of the man, kindness and magnanimity and a true humility, which was not without just recognition of achievement, and an unquenchable buoyancy and eagerness of spirit. He had a mind richly stored with knowledge, a memory that ranged widely and surely through the fields of literature, and an inherited enthusiasm and family gift for verse, which in himself and his brother flowered into some of the most signal poetry of our era.

But it is not as the poet, the editor, the co-worker in the field of letters that we who so long sat at the side of Bill Benét will best remember him. We will remember him for the gallant spirit which never in the midst of personal sorrow was too withdrawn to render sympathy to others, for the compassion that flamed out so readily at injustice, for endearing modesty and generosity, for the quizzical humor that exploded so often into delighted laughter, and for the riches of mind and heart that made him the most rewarding of companions. His was a selfless and crusading soul, questing and brave, the memory of which will rest as a grace with those who knew him. —AMY LOVEMAN.

William Rose Benét

By Jeremy Ingalls

ARE YOU afraid of spirit? He was not.
His soul was in his face, that saturnine
And still most gentle grandeur that could be
Both homely wit and starkest prophecy
Conjoint in courteous patience. All his time
Was time for poets in their every voice
From simplest stanza to most strangled cry
Which is the voice wrenched out from that black gaze
Combining sea and depth of sea to pry
Like levers from the paradox of being
The one assertion that the person is,
Against the sea of what it is to die.

I shall not find him standing once again
Looking to seaward from our common shore,
But all he looked upon in coming there
Wears sun and lightning from his presence where
All presence is immortal. He, who knew
That even whales rejoiced, rejoiced to be
With us at school to oceans, here to find
The glass and echo of true humankind
In time's redemption. All he saw and heard
Was part of praise. The sea below, above,
One grace together. So he praised the Word
And lived the Word to the whole gauge of love.

"Heaven Had No Wall"

Christopher Morley

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following letter, from Christopher Morley, who with Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, and William Rose Benét founded* The Saturday Review *in 1924 as a separate magazine, was not originally written for publication. It was sent to Miss Loveman with a poem written by Mr. Morley in 1947. The editors are grateful to Mr. Morley for permission to publish this letter in full.*

NO ONE ever got sadder news on his birthday—I woke up that morning (aet 60) with a humble sense of achievement and it had been my intention to phone Bill to let him know I was now in the same decade with him, & see if we cdn't arrange the so often postponed reunion. Then I opened the morning paper.

In three days of very sorrowful thinking I have come to the conclusion that what Bill would like (better than anything formalized or black-edged under the pressure of sadness) would be (enclosed) "The Ballade of WRB," which was written in 1947 with no purpose but to amuse him, which it did. I think, even in this shock of grief, I remember best that through some 35 years we always amused each other, in affectionate fundamental respect but neither one yielding ever an inch of our opinions. Maybe the test of a really great poet is that he never is comfortable when treated en grand poète. At any rate in our long game of tennis-singles—a game Bill hugely loved in the older days—we never put the grave accent on poetry, or even the circumflex; always the acute.

There was an old beloved friend, specially dear to us both, Don Marquis. Nothing would please Bill more than if you could include an excerpt from Don's *Sun Dial* when "Moons of Grandeur" was published in 1920. I enclose the clipping, yellow with 30 years cherish. Please may I have it back?

The time will come when I can say more about him. For your own private comfort, look, when you have a chance, at pp 57-58 of "John Mistletoe" where is mentioned his special habit of slipping quietly away.

But, however agonizing for his lovers, for himself, O felix! To go unwarned, and unsuspecting, honored and beloved, at the top of his lovely power. As the ballad says, 'the light-

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ning comes the zigzag way.' You told me he had just finished his annual Poetry Number, and that was in character. He was encumbered with many jobs, and he gave the most deliciously subtle rendition of irresponsibility—he, the most conscientious of journeymen. I was always careful not to tell him too often how sudden conflagrant lines of his moved me. But there was one, about last Xmas, that pierced like an icicle:—

I was ingathered. Heaven had no wall. (*SRL* Dec. 17, 1949)

The last letter I had from him (St. Patrick's Day, 1950) was about some horrible supercorn dinner of publishers, which neither of us attended. I was reading the typescript of Boswell's extraordinary Journal of 1762-63, and he (bless him) took some young people to "As You Like It." That was the sort of thing he loved, and for many years Bill had life *As He Liked It.* He knew, and how few people do, what he liked, and I shall hear forever his deep innocent guffaw. It'll take years, fifty maybe, before he is relished as one of our greater and more difficult poets. But he won't, and doesn't, care. We had together, for many years, what Wells called The Foods of the Gods, and nothing else matters.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Following is the Don Marquis review of WRB's "Moons of Grandeur" as it appeared in* The Sun *in an issue of* 1920.

SOMEDAY, just to please ourself, we intend to make a compilation of poems that we love best, the ones that we turn to again and again. There will be in the volume the six odes of Keats, Shelley's "Adonais," Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," Sidney Lanier's "Hymns of the Marshes," "The Hound of Heaven," William Rose Benét's "Man Possessed," and very little else.

We don't "defend" these poems . . . no doubt they are all of them quite indefensible, in the light of certain special poetic revelations of the last few years . . . and we have no particular theories about them; we merely yield ourself to them and they transport us; we are careless of reason in the matter for they cast a spell upon us. . . .

William Rose Benét has published another book of poems, "Moons of Grandeur" (George H. Doran Co.). Here is a stanza which shows the lyric quality of the verse:

Like flame, like wine, across the still lagoon
The colors of the sunset stream.
Spectral in heaven as climbs the frail veiled moon,
So climbs my dream.
Out of the heart's eternal torture fire
No Eastern phoenix risen—
Only the naked soul, spent with desire,
Burst its prison.

Was Benét ever in Italy? No matter . . . he has Italy in him, in his heart and brain. Italy and Egypt and every other country that was ever warmed by the sun of beauty and shone on by the stars of romance. For the poems in this book are woven of the stuff of sheer romance. There is nothing else in the world as depressing as a romantic poem that doesn't "get there." And to us, at least, there is nothing as thrilling as the authentic voice of romance, the genuine utterance of the soul that walks in communion with beauty. *"Moons of Grandeur" is a ringing bell and a glimmering tapestry and a draught of sparkling wine.*

A certain rich intricacy of pattern distinguishes the physical body of Benét's art; when he chooses he can use words as if they were the jeweled particles of a mosaic; familiar words, with his handling, become "something rich and strange." Of the spiritual content of his poems we can say nothing adequate, because there is not much that can be said of spirit; either it is there and you feel it and it works upon you, or it is not there. *There are very few people writing verse today who have the power to charm us and enchant us and carry us away with them as Benét can.*

He has found the horse with wings.

—DON MARQUIS.

Ballade of William Rose Benét

By Christopher Morley

This was written for W.R.B. in 1947. In some thirty-five years of mutual ricochet this was a small but loving pellet. He thought (and quite right) it was too personal to include in a pamphlet of verses ("Poetry Package") we published jointly a few months ago. But I think, today, he would prefer this to any emotional reaction of pain and shock. No really fine poet was ever more modest.—C.M.

SOMETIMES, enthusiastic fool,
I spent an elegiac day
In winding on a rhyming spool
An intimate auto-da-fé.
Then showed it to Old Bill Benét
And moaned, How few will mark my wit—
So what, old merrythought would say:
You Had the Fun of Writing It.

Old comrade of a stricter school,
The hour is late, and hell to pay
Since in the Woolworth swimming pool*
We sloshed and frolicked and made spray.
New endocrines the boys obey,
But ours was also Holy Writ—
Mehitabels and toujours gai
We Had the Fun of Writing It.

So each man finds his molecule
And learns to model his own clay;
There is no law, there is no rule,
The lightning comes the zigzag way.
But You, as critic Yea-or-Nay
Could always leave my weasand slit:
You said, old Friar of Orders Gray,
You Had the Fun of Writing It.

Envoy

Okay! In Charon's vestibule
Exchange our double-breasted twit:
For even when we slipped the tool
We Had the Fun of Writing It.

*The swimming pool, natatorium in the basement of the Woolworth Building, favorite relaxing place of W.R.B. and friends when they worked, 1920-24, in the office of the old *Evening Post*. In hot weather they always went there at noon, instead of lunch. In cold weather they went to Mendoza's Bookstore, on Ann Street, and sold enough review copies to buy a meal. They were quite young in those days, and no street in the world, not even Fleet Street, ever roared from such innocent laughter. That is what I best remember. Bill, how different from most young cacodaemon poets, really loved people and persons. Love to him, forever and always.—C.M.

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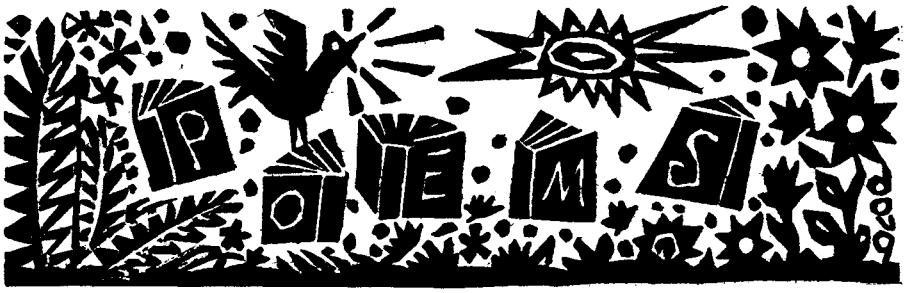

By William Rose Benét

The Old Revolutionists

THE OLD Revolutionists plotted and fought and bled.
The New State came, and decreed that they must not riot.
Some, being rebellious, rebelled. . . . They are very dead.
It is very quiet.
The Old Revolutionists dreamed of Freedom, they said.
The New State came, and planned according to plan.
On iron rules they laid a Procrustes bed
For the spirit of Man.
The Old Revolutionists were an insurgent lot.
The New State came, and dispensed with toleration.
"Tolerate opposition? Certainly not!
We are building a nation."
The Old Revolutionists felt they were on the spot.
They had hated the prison and exile that they knew.
It was hard for them to conform. Then some were shot.
Soon there were few.
Now there are none. But through the murk and the mists
A Workers' Millennium, surely to be achieved,
Shines bright as the one that the Old Revolutionists
Saw, and believed.

The Falconer of God

I FLUNG my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—
A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,
Rising and crying
Wordless, wondrous things;
The secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strings
The answer to their woe.
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.
I heard the mournful loon
In the marsh beneath the moon.
And then—with feathery thunder—the bird of my desire
Broke from the cover
Flashing silver fire.
High up among the stars I saw his pinions spire.
The pale clouds gazed aghast
As my falcon stoopt upon him, and gript and held him fast.

My soul dropt through the air—With heavenly plunder?—
Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?
Nay! but a piteous freight,
A dark and heavy weight
Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever stilled,—
All of the wonder
Gone that ever filled
Its guise with glory. O bird that I have killed,
How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.

I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—
A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!
I beat forever
The fens and the sedges.
The pledge is still the same—for all disastrous pledges,
All hopes resigned!
My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall find.

"The Falconer of God" was originally the title poem of a book and can now be found in the collection "Man Possessed" (Doran, 1927); "Victory" and "The Old Revolutionists" in "The Stairway of Surprise" (Alfred A. Knopf, 1947).

Victory

HAVE you looked
on the dead?

In that composure
with no disclosure
of hope or dread,
that strict quiet
under the fiat,
all is said.

Have you searched the face
with tears burning,
with wrung yearning,
the features pale,
past assail,
of grave grace?

Babble of words, chatter of print,
whine of envy, battle-dint
of anger, bluster of power,
where are they heard? Like spray
they fall
from a rock wall.
Stamped in the mint
of the ageless now
lip, eyelid, brow
in the still hour.

Rage as we will,
faintly the while
the dead smile,
lying so still.

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The Man in His Work

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

—*Eric Schall.*
Louis Untermeyer

IT IS impossible for me to write with critical detachment about William Rose Benét's poetry. The man and his work were so intricately interwoven that the human being can scarcely be considered apart from his prime function. Moreover Bill Benét and I grew up with, around, and on poetry—even on the same poems. We shared a youthful enthusiam not only for pulse-pounding ballads but for unspeakably bad verse. In our twenties we spent most of a summer in Port Washington, Long Island, half seriously planning a burlesque anthology to be called "Wings of Star Foam: or, A Treasury of the World's Worst Poetry." I remember how we rushed over to each other's houses to compare some hitherto unknown gem by Julia Moore, "The Sweet Singer of Michigan"; James B. Elmore, self-called "The Bard of Alamo"; Norris C. Spriggs, author of "Sprigs of Poetry," and J. Gordon Coogler, the uncrowned laureate of Long Island.

It was a genuine passion for poetry that we shared for most of a lifetime. I have notes written more than thirty years ago which express Bill's excitement at the first discovery of James Elroy Flecker's "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," G. K. Chesterton's "Lepanto," and Vachel Lindsay's "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven." At that time Bill was at *Century Magazine*, assistant to the editor, Robert Underwood Johnson, a bearded poetaster whom Bill referred to as The Underbrush; he wrote to me: "I have some bitter things to say to myself anent poor Flecker, dead at thirty. I liked something of his I had seen back in the old days, and I wrote him. He replied from Egypt or somewhere, sending some poems. The Underbrush was then so heavy that, of course, his poems were howled out of court. But what I have to curse myself for is that I wrote Flecker saying one of his poems had a chance *if* he would do this or that to it. He, very naturally, wrote back and told me politely to go to hell. . . . I often remember how infernally clumsy I was—because, by God, and before the Throne, he was a great poet."

When we came upon the colored broadsides on which Ralph Hodgson's "Eve," "The Bull," and "Time, You Old Gypsy Man" first reached America Bill was so taken with the combination of richly colored syllables and hand-tinted drawings that he wrote: "This is the way poetry should be presented. Every poet should have a printing press, a color kit, and maybe a draughtsman kept in a golden cage. He should produce all his poems on single broadsheets and go through the city every week tossing them in doors, like circus or furniture-sale announcements."

Bill's first volume, "Merchants from Cathay," published in 1913, was something of a tour de force. It was a breathless, helter-skelter volume; style and subject matter refused to come to terms; the author's verve was surpassed only by his versatility. Here was something of the lush orientalism of Flecker, the crowded rhymes of Chesterton, and the banging-clanging chants of Vachel Lindsay. Lindsay returned the compliment, for he often recited the title-poem of "Merchants from Cathay" and called it "the greatest of modern ballads." Bill continued to rollick through his next three books. The publishers could scarcely keep up with his headlong energy: "The Falconer of God," "The Great White Wall," and "The Burglar of the Zodiac" all appeared in less than four years. He was also crusading against pretentiousness, bigotry, and the brumaggem of "solemn asses in political office." At the same time he began a quiet campaign for his younger brother, Stephen Vincent, whose first volume was to appear a year later. "I enclose some of his poems,

which mother copied. He is just sixteen. You will see how violently Gallic they are—his hero is Napoleon. But I think you'll also see that he has an unusual command of rhythm and rhetoric." And, a few months later: "You'll find young Stephen heading a herd of poets in the *New Republic* for August 7. I'm prejudiced, of course, but I think 'Winged Man' has more guts than all the rest together."

BILL'S praise of Stephen's "rhythm and rhetoric" was not a mere brotherly gesture. Rhythm and rhetoric were two of Bill Benét's greatest assets—and his greatest handicap. He was often so bemused by the beat and flow of lines that he drenched, and sometimes drowned, the meaning in the music. Caught in the rush of his own vigor he often did not know when and where to stop. Nevertheless, some of his best pieces, which are also his best-known poems — such as "The Horse Thief" and "Jesse James," to name two—are bravura pieces in the best tradition. Somehow he managed to combine high seriousness and high-flying fantasy with a sure hand. Another characteristic which was both a strength and a weakness was his penchant for the past. This was particularly true of his early work, but the nostalgic note persisted. I rallied him that he was writing not so much for posterity as for antiquity, that he was determined to outdo Browning in a resuscitation of odd types and forgotten figures of historic unimportance. Bill's rejoinder was swift but, as always, kindly: "Perhaps what you say is true about the older poems. But if you say that my new ones hold trace of Browning, why, I'll—by gravy—I'll hit you with the inside of a doughnut. . . . At any rate, you consarned modernist, it may amuse you to know that two of my last three poems bear the titles 'The Push-Cart' and 'The Quick-Lunch Counter,' though I'll admit they try to put the splendors of ancientry into the grim of modernity. The third is 'The Horse Thief.'" "The Horse Thief" is perhaps Bill's most typical poem. The hero's stolen horse breaks a leg, and the outlaw sees a mustang "up on the purple canyon's lip." He lassoos the wild creature, mounts him, and is taken, literally, out of this world. It is a work of creative fancy and, at the same time, an unconscious piece of self-criticism. As poet, Bill delighted to ride his fantasies bareback. The easy lopes, leaps, and canters continued through his thirties and forties, through "Moons of Grandeur"—the title set the key as well as the tempo—"Starry Harness," "Man Possessed," which assembled his best up to 1927, and "Golden Fleece." The high spirits

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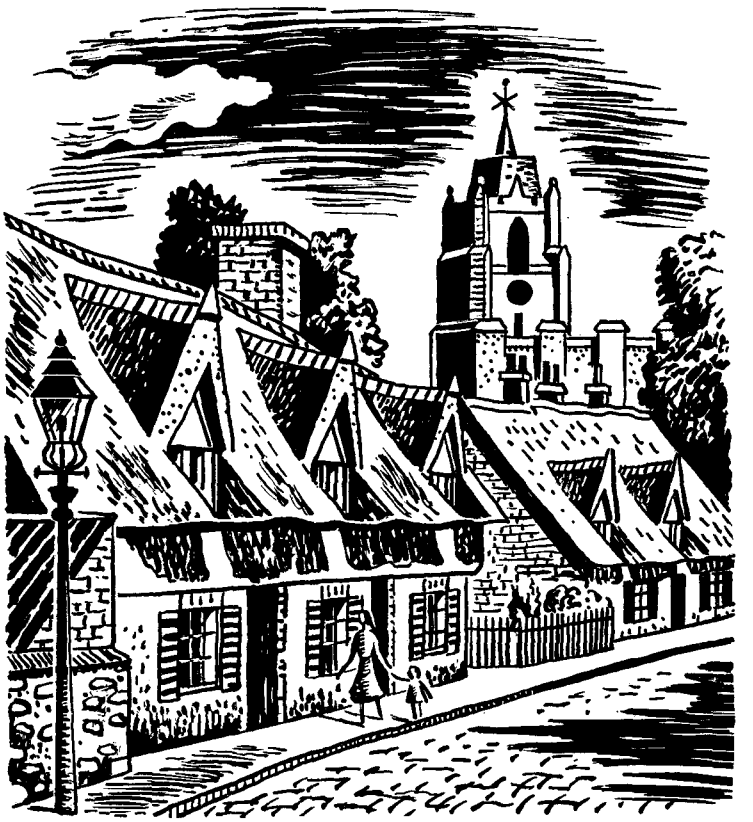
were uncurbed and, frequently, out of control.

Then, without prologue or preparation, came the semi-autobiographical portrait-narrative "The Dust Which Is God," published in Bill's fifty-sixth year, a volume which won the Pulitzer Prize. Apart from its technical competence, it showed that no one had written as fully, or as frankly, about William Rose Benét as Bill himself. Here was the boy and the man, the lover and husband, the poet and private person. And here was the public citizen, the hater of cant and the fighter for justice, the champion of the freely uttered and freely circulated word, the ardent liberal devoted to the truth. The prize-winning book was followed by the militant "Day of Deliverance" and "The Stairway of Surprise," the latter title inspired by Emerson's "Merlin." His gamut was widening. A deeper voice was matched by a more impassioned music. The lover of liberty found new expression in his celebration of civil rights, in hymns to those beaten, betrayed, and crucified because they allied themselves with unpopular causes, in rhapsodies to the true democracy.

Shoulder to shoulder now they stand:
Our valiant dead and all our valiant living
To vivify with giving and forgiving
This Country of the Free, the impartial land
That it might be: with heart and mind and nerve
Its many-in-one to strengthen and preserve.

I will not see it a pen for bleating sheep
Watched by sly wolves; or, in new dark ages,
Industrial feudal lords dispensing wages
Each from his fief and his baronial keep. . . .
Now, in this age, when, whatsoe'er the weather,
We must fairly together live or die together.

At sixty-four he had written, edited, and compiled some thirty-six books, including a novel, several anthologies, and an invaluable "Reader's Encyclopedia." Varied though they were in technique and intention, they were united by an intensity of spirit. To intensity he added integrity—and a pervasive kindness. He may have had enemies (improbable though it seems), but he never referred to them. He neither spoke bitterly nor wrote meanly of anyone. His poetry was the man: generous, sometimes too lavish, overflowing with forthrightness and brotherly good will. With Bill's death there is a little less generosity, a little less faith and good will in the world. Our literature will be thinner and our lives poorer for the lack of these.



Masefield: Shock of Rediscovery

HORACE GREGORY

—*Helen Merrill.*

Horace Gregory

THE present year may seem a tactless, ungainly, unfashionable time to rediscover the poetry of John Masefield. No one has seriously written of his verse for many years—exactly how long that time has been I do not know—but since 1930, the year that he became England's Poet Laureate, little enough has been written about his verse, and most of that little has not been in praise. In the years immediately preceding World War II the figures of other British poets, all writing a different kind of verse than Masefield wrote, made their appearance above a transatlantic horizon. And from then onward until the end of the war it became extremely difficult in terms of critical styles and fashions to find a name for Masefield's verse at all. Yet as the war ended a change in literary atmosphere, something that is still unfolding, something that can be discerned and felt, rather than briskly defined and placed at the head of a reading list, began to take on shape and color. In this environment the verse of Rudyard Kipling came up for reappraisal and Thomas Hardy achieved new stature as a poet rather than as a novelist; both Edith Sitwell and Walter de la Mare were discovered to be very "modern" and very much alive, and today, in the presence of his new book of verse,* the same shock of rediscovery attends the verse of Masefield.

To see Masefield's book clearly and to remove the haze of critical prejudice through which books are looked at, reviewed, but seldom read, one must go back to earlier and the lesser known recent writings of John Masefield. One should remember Masefield's early distrust of legend that attends the lives of poets, that he once wrote of Shakespeare:

> Legends are a stupid man's excuse for his want of understanding. They are not evidence. . . . There are, un-

*ON THE HILL. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. 122 pp. $1.50.

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fortunately, many graven images of Shakespeare. They are perhaps passable portraits of the languid, half-witted, hydrocephalic creatures who made them. As representations of a bustling, brilliant, profound, vivacious being, alive to the finger tips, and quick with an energy never since granted to man, they are as false as water.

The passage also shows Masefield's standards for writing verse, of the need beyond personal legend and mastery of craftsmanship, to convey a sense of human action and "vivacious being" in the work itself. Later Masefield wrote of the greatness of "Macbeth," "'Macbeth' makes images of power in the mind of every instructed man now in the world," and then showed how Shakespeare drew from two separate stories in Holinshed the strong lines of action in his play. The implication is, and the point is made again in Masefield's poem "Biography," that factual dates and events in a poet's life are of lesser moment than the vision of life that the poet creates within a book or on the stage. This view has no claim to being original but it is decidedly remote from one of personal vanity and may be accepted as a polar extreme from the ambitions of the minor poet who is afflicted with a Byronic attitude.

In writing of himself in prefaces to his books and in autobiographies of his youth his gaze is on the external objects of his memories. The tone in which he speaks—for the prose is conversational—is pure, direct, softly accented, and deceptively innocent. The serene, clear voice of Masefield's prose has far more than charm to recommend it. I quote a paragraph from his tribute to Swinburne in which the anecdote withholds its dramatic meaning until the end; as Masefield tells it, it recaptures the entire Swinburne:

> I never spoke with him. A few years later, when he had ceased to seem the miraculous Master of the art, it was my fortune for many days together to sit at the same table with him in the reading room of the British Museum. He was then very old, frail, and deaf. The magnificent head was all that remained of the prophet and seer; the rest was a little shrunken stalk. The late Mr. Watts-Dunton used to bring him there, see him to his chair, and order his books for him; he would then bellow in his ear that he would return at one o'clock and take him out to lunch. This message had to be repeated several times before the old man could grasp it and by that time the reading room was aroused. Grave heads from every table turned to watch. Presently, after Mr. Watts-Dunton had gone, Swinburne would turn to his books. I know not what they were, but imagine that they were of a merry impropriety, for the old man used to roar with laughter over them and, being deaf, never knew what disturbance he was causing. An Anglican Bishop and an Abbot of the Roman Church haunted the same table and from time to time in that room a little, smiling, erect, cynical man, with a face which none could forget, would pass. This was Lenin, then studying, I believe, the psychology of revolution.

What had the appearance of being an anecdote fished out of memory is turned into a nearly perfect critical portrait; the clarity of vision which belongs to Masefield at his best is there; it is the same vision that sustains the softly spoken tone of his memories of youth on a training ship in the River Mersey and the months he spent as a factory hand in a carpet-weaving mill at Yonkers on the Hudson River in New York. If the story of his narrative poem "Dauber" no longer holds our attention as it once did, the clear, visionary gaze of its last two stanzas retains a quality of freshness, of renewed perception that seems inexhaustible:

Working aloft they saw the mountain tower,
Snow to the peak; they heard the launchmen shout;
And bright along the bay the lights came out.

And then the night fell dark, and all night long
The pointed mountain pointed at the stars,
Frozen, alert, austere; the eagle's song
Screamed from her desolate screes and splintered scars.
On her intense crags where the air is sparse
The stars looked down; their many golden eyes
Watched her and burned, burned out, and came to rise.

Silent the finger of the summit stood,
Icy in pure, thin air, glittering with snows.
Then the sun's coming turned the peak to blood,
And in the rest-house the muleteers arose.
And all day long, where only the eagle goes,
Stones, loosened by the sun, fall; the stones falling
Fill empty gorge on gorge with echoes calling.

It is gratuitous to mention the craftsmanship, the art that makes the power of this kind of descriptive writing possible, for I believe it to be true that Masefield is concerned (and in this his verse carries an analogy to Wordsworth's) with provinces beyond art and all the smaller aspects of artistic expression. Since the publication of his "Salt Water Ballads" in 1902, his way of writing has been to write, without revision in subsequent editions of his poems, as the impulse moved him. It is also the kind of writing that did not conceal the marks of Masefield's late Victorian heritage, the "influences" that he so candidly remarked sprang from his readings in Longfellow, Tennyson, D. G. Rossetti, Swinburne—and, as his "Salt Water Ballads" show so clearly, Kipling. Yet even in the early "Ballads" Masefield's contrast to Kipling is easy enough to find; Kipling's accent in verse is sharper and produces irony whereas the lighter "Ballads" of Masefield turn to the emotional release of humor, and the unexpected kind of humor revealed in Masefield is one of the rarest of his qualities:

"I'm a-weary of them there mermaids,"
Says old Bill's ghost to me;
"It ain't no place for a Christian
Below there—under sea.
For it's all blown sand and shipwrecks,
And old bones eaten bare,
And them cold fishy females
With long green weeds for hair."

This is humor that seems to come from a hidden source of an otherwise grave and melancholy temperament; its depth and lightness seem unwilled, unlooked for, and whenever it appears it is the natural complement of melodrama, overweighted sentiment, and bathos, and in Masefield it is the purge of overtly sweetened lines and accents.

Among Masefield's narratives "Reynard the Fox," which its early critics so blindly contrasted or compared with Chaucer, knowing well that Masefield had read Chaucer thorough-

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ly, effects the same purge of Masefield's flaws. The rapid movement of its lines is half the meaning of the hunting of the fox, "quick with the energy" that Masefield at an earlier writing held before him as a necessary attribute in the making of poetry. One may read whatever one wishes into the meaning of the pursuit and eventual escape of the hunted fox, and quotation from the poem merely reduces the force of its true metaphor. My suggestion is that a literal reading of the poem may be pleasant enough, but that "Reynard the Fox" has the same external innocence which opens pitfalls for unwary readers of some of Masefield's prose. "Reynard the Fox" as a narrative in verse sustains a metaphorical relationship to life on earth; it is in vivid action and the situation it presents allows little time for conscious thought or contemplation. The escaped fox at the end of the poem bears an analogy to one aspect of the people Masefield described in Shakespeare's plays:

> The people of the plays are alive and hearty. They lead a vigorous life and go to bed tired. They never forget that they are animals. [And beyond this the unfoxlike character of human beings is unveiled.] They never let anyone else forget that they are divine.

A rereading of "Reynard the Fox" with Masefield's "Shakespeare" is likely to remind one that whenever a writer of unusual gifts and a decided cast of mind writes on Shakespeare (and Dr. Johnson was certainly one of that company) one learns much of how that writer sees the world, and from "Reynard the Fox" there is but the shortest step to the latest and best of Masefield's comedies in verse, "A Tale of Country Things," in his new book, "On the Hill." Like "Reynard," the lately written narrative stands quite by itself in twentieth-century poetry; it is that rare thing in English verse, a brilliantly moving comic poem that has its true precedent only in Cowper's "The Diverting History of John Gilpin." In a volume that for the most part shows the gray years of England and its Laureate there is a sudden release of the genius by which Masefield's name is known; the pace of the narrative is swift and sure, and the story is of a forbidden Sunday boxing match which took place in 1829 in the Midland country not too far from Ledbury, where Masefield was born. The spirit of the poem lies in the comic balance struck between obeying law and openly defying it, of the balance of desires between strong drink, masculine pride, and love of women—and there one finds something that strikes an equation between Masefield's poem and Cowper's story of the dilemma that Gilpin faced between the will of a strange horse and his respectability. Like the felicities of "Reynard the Fox," those of the new poem are not of a kind that can be repeated by any living poet.

In this book still another poem in an entirely different key speaks Masefield's mastery of the gift that brought him fame, the gift that was never quite adaptable to the Arthurian and Trojan stories he retold in verse, and yet moved with memorable simplicity in "They Closed Her Eyes," taken from the Spanish of Becquér. In spite of its verbal ease, there has been intractable quality concealed in Masefield's gift, as though the hidden sources of it had a will of their own, a dangerous will that so frequently drove their possessor to the edge of bathos. In that dangerous territory beyond the range of art a few of Masefield's shorter poems are secure and among them I would include this haunting lyric, "The Wind of the Sea," from his new book:

Three sailor-men from Bantry Bay
Ventured to sea on Christmas Day
It blows.
The wind of the sea torments us.

Out in the sea one found his grave
Although the others strove to save.
They strove as hard as men can do
But only saved their shipmate's shoe;
His shoe, his hat, his wooden fid,
And tinder-box with painted lid.
It blows.
The wind of the sea torments us.

His weeping Mother went to pray
At St. Anne's Church on Bantry Bay.
She prayed like many another one,
"O sweet Saint, give me back my Son."
Swiftly St. Anne made answer wise:—
"He waits for you in Paradise."
The Mother laughed and went her way
Back to her home and died that day.
It blows.
The wind of the sea torments us.

The voice heard here is the voice of Masefield's thoroughly intractable daemon; the note is authentic and cannot be questioned; in its presence all lesser poems of Masefield are forgotten and with them a number of poems written by other men. This gift has brought him many honors but more important than these has been the quality that places him even today beyond the patronage of praise or blame.

Horace Gregory, poet and critic, collaborated on "A History of American Poetry, 1900-1940." He is author of "The Shield of Achilles, Essays on Beliefs in Poetry" and other books.

My Library: Volume One.

By John Masefield

(I hope that my memory does not play me false. In memory, I crossed Greenwich Avenue from Christopher Street and entered Sixth Avenue by a road leading close to the eastern end of Jefferson Market. This road may have been Patchin Place; it was at least near it.—J. M.)*

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, as impulse led,
I crossed by Patchin Place, and turning thence,
Heard the loud railway roaring overhead,
And felt the City's kindling excellence.

Knowledge was what I sought; to inly know
All wisdom, truth, past, present and to be . . .
There, in Pratt's Store, was Knowledge, in a row.
Which, of those thousands, should enlighten me?

What spirit guided me to Volume One,
The Story of King Arthur? So it fell
That summer morning on Sixth Avenue.
I had gone shopping better than I knew,
Returning friend to Bors and Lionel,
Cousin to Tristan and Romance's son.

* Today you enter the Village Square from Christopher Street and the Jefferson Market is gone, though Jefferson Market Court with its minaret clock tower still stands. You would most directly cross the square to the Avenue of the Americas, or old Sixth Avenue, from which the trestle of the elevated railroad is now long gone. But by bearing left on Greenwich Avenue you could cross by Patchin Place along the extension of West Tenth Street, which runs back of, or west of, Jefferson Market Court. Patchin Place, companion to Milligan, here indents the western side of West Tenth. Another genius, Lafcadio Hearn, once lived further down West Tenth Street, and Theodore Dreiser, John Reed, and now Estlin Cummings have added renown to the century-old Place where grow the Trees of Heaven.—W.R.B.

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Warm Cult, Cold Heart

An Estimate of William Wordsworth

F. V. MORLEY

—*Elliott & Fry.*

F. V. Morley

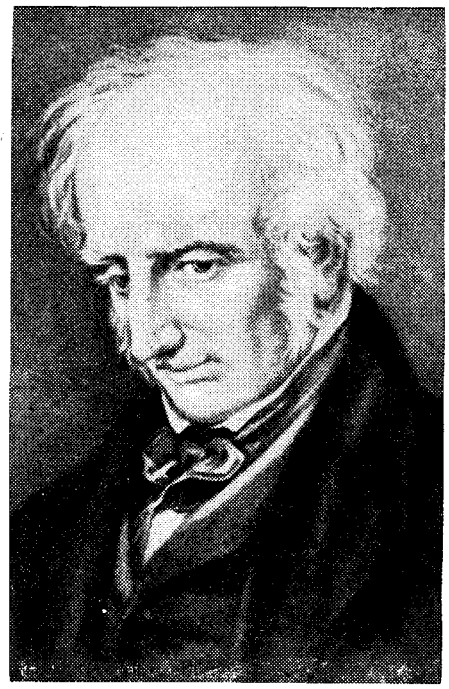
LAST April 23 was the centenary of the death of William Wordsworth. Pious chronologists find themselves here in trouble. April 23 is the accepted birthday for another William, William Shakespeare. In wider orbit, April 23 is also St. George's Day, and what was meant by "St. George for Merry England" is not even now to be forgotten. In an orbit which is wider still those who are acquainted with the work of Joseph Scaliger on "The Restoration of Chronology" (published in 1583) will recall that in his fifth book Scaliger calculates that April 23 was the day on which mankind was first created. Large as is the name of Wordsworth, it can scarcely hold Shakespeare, St. George, and all mankind in balance.

But if you do think of Wordsworth, what do you think of him? We've escaped from schools and colleges and we can read whatever we wish to read without external compulsion. Do we turn to Wordsworth's poetry for private pleasure? If so, can we describe the pleasure? Fair questions, which deserve fair answers, although perhaps such questions and answers are more suitable for conversation than for writing about.

I am not sure that even a century after Wordsworth's death we are far enough away in time to assert an accurate view of him. Nineteenth-century England presents us with a great confusion of religious feelings. Materialism versus Revealed Religion was a main war within which were innumerable skirmishes. Even the most intelligent rationalist (John Stuart Mill is an example from that time) cannot help but do something with his emotional equipment and for him, consciously, poetry is apt to be used as a lightning-rod. Less consciously, but with the same effect, poetry is apt to be misused that way by many who cannot claim equality of intellect with J. S. Mill. Wordsworth's poetry was peculiarly suited to such misuse. We can observe how the poetry at the time of its emergence, at its fair seed-time, was as poetry not too well recognized, and we can watch the speed with which it was adopted when it became of value to a cult; remembering that a cult is still a cult even if it is a very widespread cult, and that in this connection what is of value is to recapture and return to the hive swarms of inarticulate feelings. Even today in contemplating Wordsworth it is not easy to clean the mind of cult. It isn't easy for us to regard Wordsworth's poetry as poetry and not as a substitute for religion.

There is, of course, a certain comedy in Wordsworth's own capitulation to the pressures of his time. It is easier to inveigh, as Wordsworth did, against a reading public's "degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation" when that thirst is being quenched at other fountains than it is to blame the same drinkers when they come to one's own. The pressure of the cult, to regard Wordsworth as a prophet and out of the poetry willy-nilly to extract a gospel, became irresistible, and who shall blame Daddy Wordsworth if he, too, became a convert? But all that overlay of feelings which has been stuck on to Wordsworth's poetry has to be removed if we are to see what it is in itself, and if we are to approach him with the same freedom with which we approach other great poets of the past.

Too many extraneous feelings come in when you try to consider poetry. For instance, I'm not sure that after a century we are yet far enough away in time to forget Wordsworth's personality. It wasn't amiable. Like Milton, whom he in many ways resembled (Hartley Coleridge pointed out that they had even, both of them, brothers named Christopher) — like Milton, Wordsworth was not a lovable man. But as to Milton comparatively few readers are impeded by that; as to Wordsworth a good many are, by biographical details. Possibly that is an opposite aspect of the cult I've mentioned—the aspect, irrelevant to poetry, of seeking feet of clay. In the period at which his poetry was at its



—*Culver Service.*

William Wordsworth—"cutting books with a buttery knife."

very best Wordsworth is too much remembered as a gaunt, not merely arrogant but rude young man, lounging in brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons, cutting books with a buttery knife. And at the same time (though this to some has brought in a sneaking respect) the problem of Annette Vallon. Young Wordsworth is hard enough to take; the later Wordsworth is intolerable, when, under the public pressure I've spoken of, he was the hardened moralist of Rydal Mount, able to dish out criticism (of the conduct, if you please, of Coleridge and De Quincey) but unable to accept any breath of criticism of his own "Excursion." The womenfolk had to smuggle the reviews in and out of the house: adverse criticism made him physically ill. Charles Lamb, and on this point nobody can disagree with Lamb, summed it up in a word. Lamb thought Wordsworth *cold.*

A HUNDRED years later we're still bothered too much with too much knowledge. Warm cult, cold heart. Notions of that kind ought not to come into an estimate of poetry. We need more distance.

It occurs to me to wonder how Wordsworth's poetry would seem to some old pagan suckled in a creed outworn. Suppose we pick on some engaging Roman, let's say Rufus Festus Avienus, of the fourth century A.D. Around Avienus everything, as now, was toppling into ruin, but here was his routine of life: "At dawn I pray to the gods, then I go over my estate with the servants and show

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each his appropriate task. Then I read and I call upon Phoebus and the Muses until it is time to anoint myself and to exercise in the sand-strewn palaestra. In happy mood, remote from money affairs, I eat, drink, sing, play, bathe, and rest after supper. . . ."

Let us fancifully make Avienus our deputy, his routine being similar to ours; let us endow him with the gift of tongues and send him ranging forward from his far distance to explore English poetry. When he comes all the way to Wordsworth it can be seen that the quasi-religious cult that adopted Wordsworth's poetry is to him irrelevant. So, we can see, is Wordsworth's personality irrelevant to Avienus. But there are at least two aspects not irrelevant: the musical and the rhetorical, the Muses and Phoebus.

Get out your "Prelude"; turn to Book V, lines 364-388, "There was a Boy," and so forth—and such a boy, and such a reality, you feel, as Avienus must obtain directly. Or take a couplet where Wordsworth is not thinking of himself:

Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace.

Or take a single line:

The still sad music of humanity.

What fun for Avienus! Finding a man whose words display truth through eyesight, felicity through ear and understanding. Rhetoric! At a time of the falling of nations (for instance, 1940) Wordsworth's sonnets were as much on the beam as Churchill's speeches, but Avienus, Rome having fallen, though filled with a feeling for rhetoric, wouldn't trust wholly to that. Catch the music of those three lines quoted, the couplet and the single one; analyze it as much as you like into the whisper of the s's and the pulse of the m's; what fun, I say, for Avienus! Coming forward through time, he will have read his Spenser first, and enjoy the exactness of criticism, which before Wordsworth was never so perfectly expressed. Less good, to my ear, is Wordsworth on Newton, because there my understanding is on guard, as it is above, when the emotive phrase of "still sad music" hits upon the immense but vague associations of "humanity." But what fun, I say, for Avienus; for there is Wordsworth for him, often, indisputably, poet.

To get away from that nexus and to take a really distant view is likely to do Wordsworth more honor than any short opinion. I am glad I thought of Avienus.

Three Love Poems

By Luke E. Zilles

I

WHERE the air is naked with a thrust of light
through leaves as a limb into water the color
of unripe fruit, and the pool is cologne on the loins
dark with desire,
I have met the silent summer
of your body, thinking the shadows could love:

and when the running of the rain
was an illumination through the forest
how shiningly I wore the garland of your arms
that you saw my eyes-in-closing mobile with shame,
and heard how lushly the drunken foliage sang . . .

There was the royalty of the sun
and the reverie of flowers for days in gardens,
and the lamentations of passing,
wherein I held you slow, wishing you
the eternal capture of my senses:

and found you in my dreams, scarletly slain,
bright with the flies of memory,
and built the memorial of a cloven heart . . .
wherein the gestures of your hands were as
the snow against me:
and fled our tomorrows hunting us,
glorious with hounds of many dawns.

II

I KNOW how long the rain, a nightingale
of sound, beside your window sings, how long
I breathe white flowers in the cold
before your hair is a dark honey to my nose.
I know how irretrievably the kiss
is given of a boy and how the silent
warmth begins that puts a hoop of gold
upon the ear.
I know how wild the body grows
with hoofs and horns and how the shadows
of my room are green with vines, remembering
the wicked summer . . .
being so long apprentice to your love,
that is a voyage to Spain beyond my sleep.

III

I HAVE no tongue to speak the gold of love,
when those frail breasts, the cameos of your body,
touch me with the music of the sun;
and were the petals of the rose an eloquence,
the beauty still would be untold of you
against one,—bird-warm . . .
That galleons move of shadows by the burning
Africas of stars into the West:

I have no tongue to speak the gold of love,
when I am as an August lyrical
with fruit within your arms, and this, the heart,
becomes a bell and all the rest a dome
to hold the sound . . .
Bring the pageant of your eyes to me
that I may look too long
and wonder I am not a god.

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Revelations

WELCOME TO THE CASTLE. By Alfred Hayes. New York: Harper & Bros. 83 pp. $2.50.

By Alfred Kreymborg

THIS remarkable book of poems by Alfred Hayes, his first since "The Big Time" (1944), is harsh and tender, clear and profound, beautifully composed. And its range is dramatic, its effect on the reader absorbing. Divided into two parts, "The Being a Soldier" and "A Facsimile of Home," the pages play back and forth over past, present, and future, from ancient and modern Rome to America, and from America back through the past. The language is freshly minted, the handling of long free lines supple, the occasional rhymes barely heard, and the undulating movement not only haunting but faithful to plots and characters in the story. This is not one man's story but the tale of a generation felt through the psyche of an intensely sensitive poet, a man whose revelations are forthright and tragic, and often sardonic in castigating the authors of any war. Yet Alfred Hayes is a realist who offers no panacea or propaganda for a race involved in what may lead to self-destruction. He involves himself at the heart of men and women presented in varied scenes and is even identified with figures long since dead, including human stars lost to memory.

The most novel experience readers may anticipate is to find themselves listening to some quietly-toned monologue in the course of which it develops that Christ has been addressing a country club at cocktail time, His Name unmentioned, His effort wasted. And Hamlet welcoming friends back to his castle in an age of drastic changes, though one does not suspect who the Prince is until the closing line, "Dear Guildenstern, dear Rosencranz." It is thus we also view the consumptive Keats hopefully moving into a Roman sun during his last year on earth. And, at the other extreme, Mussolini being mourned by his carabinieri. And Heine's impassioned "Biography of a Night"; Flaubert's constant headaches over family problems, familiar to Hayes in his own home; and the roaring "Bronx Express," into which the poet is crammed after "identical coins dropped into identical stiles."

What accidental brotherhood is this in hell,
what reluctant marriage licensed by the simple fare?
Who takes this goiter for a friend, and do I share their passion as I do their smell?

—*Rose Wolfe.*

Alfred Hayes—"Christ at cocktail time."

—*Eric Stahlberg.*

Peter Viereck—"the tall ideas dancing."

And at length the bleak line: "But here is my station. And there are no good-byes."

This powerful book ends with a frank apologia, "The Sour Note." This superb ballad informs the poet's old friends as to why he can no longer play pleasant airs on his instrument:

And do you think because I play it this music pleases me?
that I do this of my own choice?
that your uneasiness and horror never seizes me?
that I do not shrink from my own voice?
I play like this because I must, and make my instrument serve
as best so cheap an instrument can to scrape the listener on his most sensitive nerve—
the sickness of being man.

In my humble opinion, "Welcome to the Castle" places Alfred Hayes in the front ranks of young American authors, whether prosemen or poets. He is an artist of the first order, an order and understanding we need.

Bi-focal Vision

STRIKE THROUGH THE MASK! New Lyrical Poems. By Peter Viereck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 70 pp. $2.50.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

MY FEELING about Peter Viereck's poetry, lively and clever though it generally is, is that it hasn't quite jelled. For one thing, he often tries to say everything at once. The effort results, not merely in an oversupply of metaphors (we have learned how to digest these), but, fatally, in a loss of precision in the choice of words and a departure from music in their use.

While the better poems in "Strike Through the Mask!" are evidence that Mr. Viereck hasn't let satire warp his emotions nor philosophy dry up his responses, it is only too true that "ideas and values, masked or personified, are the heroes, villains, and agonisants of most of [his] poems" (Mr. Viereck's own words, in the *SRL* last August). Granted that we should listen to "ideas, ideas, the tall ideas dancing"—as he admonished us in "Terror and Decorum," his first book; nevertheless, ideas alone have never been enough for poetry. Poetry has sometimes been able to get along without ideas (or with very slight ideas) but it has never known how to dispense with words.

I am reminded of that earlier young poet Hart Crane, whose struggle to evolve a "myth" appears less important today than the success of his lyric "Voyages," of whose incantation he was not wholly the master. A poem like Mr. Viereck's "Serenade" has this best Crane touch, even to the seaswing and the sonant vocabulary. If an idea is immersed in these lines, at least it doesn't jut out like the spar of a shipwreck.

Admitting, with some bravado, that he is an "impure" poet, Mr. Viereck has cited MacLeish on "The Irresponsibles" to bolster his position. And in an essay, "The Poet in the Machine Age," which concludes the present volume, he hopes that poetry "may inspire in society that bifocal vision which is the prerequisite to any solution." But "the function of poetry in the Machine Age," as Crane wrote twenty years ago, "is identical to its function in any other age"; and MacLeish, like Scripture, can be quoted to an opposite purpose. Where Mr. Viereck succeeds in his poetry it's because the solution is within the poem, not within "society." Indeed, poetry itself constitutes a peculiar society of its own. Strike through the mask, Mr. Viereck!

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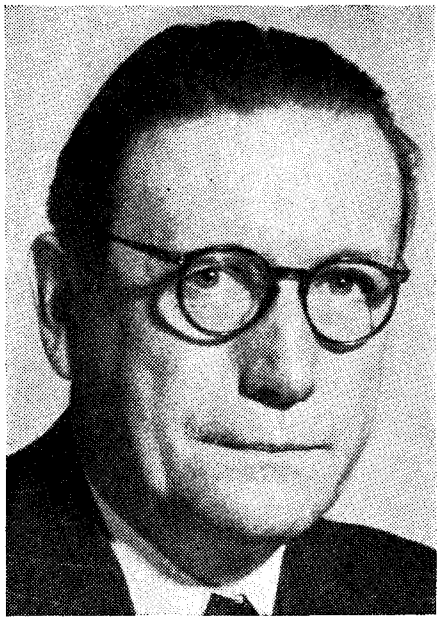

A. M. Sullivan—"loftiest flights from the lowliest starting points."

Wonder & Magic

INCIDENT IN SILVER. By A. M. Sullivan. New York: The Declan X. McMullen Co. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

By Gustav Davidson

THE EIGHTEEN-YEAR interval between his "Elbows of the Wind" (1932) and "Incident in Silver" (1950) was devoted by A. M. Sullivan to the production of a series of works in American balladry, to poems that interpreted the age of science and industry, to chorals for group reading, and to miscellaneous items aimed chiefly at radio presentation. Mr. Sullivan has now gone back to his first love, the pure lyric, and offers us in this latest collection of his, running to 128 pages, some eighty examples of the form. Most of the poems have had previous magazine or newspaper publication; some are new and appear between covers for the first time; a small selection is reprinted from the earlier work.

On the basis of the evidence, Mr. Sullivan is not one of our "modern" or "experimental" versifiers, though he has broken many a lance in behalf of those usually associated with the term. In both content and technique he is essentially and prevailingly a traditionalist. And if it can be said that he favors a particular theme, it is the "wonder and magic" of the commonplace, which he has long and noteworthily celebrated. For him objects like drills, radio tubes, steam shovels, rock crushers, etc., touch off the lyric impulse as readily as sunsets, skylarks, and love's raptures touch it off in others. The commonplace, however, for this poet, is never far from the rare or the sublime; indeed, his loftiest flights take off from the lowliest starting points. And what may for other prospectors in the realms of gold seem stale, flat, and unprofitable turns up in Mr. Sullivan's hands as gems of purest ray serene.

It is also good news to report that Mr. Sullivan's lyricism is of a masculine order. The prompting of the heart, the intake of eye and ear, the tactile and olfactory reactions are never given us raw but are put through a screening, grading, and refining process. We might compare Mr. Sullivan to a man at the controls of a TV set, making the many, small, delicate adjustments for perfect reception. But sometimes, like Homer, Mr. Sullivan nods. And it is at such moments that we get—not static or blur but a "bardic strut," which (for this member of the audience, at least) spoils the effect. In his ballads an occasional oratorical stance is not without its warrant or use but in a lyric it is a bit out of place. "Let not the white, hot metal of your desire," "love's indestructible dawn," "ramparts of the flesh," etc., are instances of this proclivity. Likewise, the poet's fondness for upper-casing words like anger, pride, power, peace, and time are symptomatic of the same tendency.

But when Mr. Sullivan shears away from the rhetorical flourish he can and does make pure and memorable music, as in the poems "Plenitude," "The Hammer," "Diapason," "Genesis," and notably in the opening "Pilgrim":

Grass is tougher than steel,
The sod outwears the spade.
The road outruns the wheel,
The task outlives the trade.

Here where I swing the scythe
And call the hidden clover,
Earth asks the season's tithe
Before my labor's over.

Earth's beauty I have found
Twice beautiful for change,
And my ear upon the ground
Hears music old and strange.

Life's answers are the same,
The questions vary only,
Man writes an ancient name
But men are new and lonely.

What little I have learned
Has added to my lack,
For the road has always turned
And never once led back.

Mr. Sullivan's nine published works in poetry constitute, by themselves, an imposing one-man exhibit. Their general excellence should excite the admiration of traditionalists and experimentalists alike. This latest volume is a fitting and welcome addition.

Joseph Warren Beach—"the verbal grace of a reasonable person."

Breaking Shackles

INVOLUNTARY WITNESS. By Joseph Warren Beach. New York: The Macmillan Co. 97 *pp.* $1.50.

By A. M. Sullivan

THERE is constant evidence here of an intellectual poet trying to break the shackles of mind over the spirit and flesh. The disciplined intellect is an omnipresent threat over the lyric impulses in Joseph Warren Beach. The critical vocabulary intrudes, not always injuring the poem but insisting that reason take the place of eloquence, and irony the place of passion.

There are many rewarding poems in the book, doubly acceptable once we are acquainted with the poet's diction and the poet's internal struggle between the cold critical eye and the emotional pulse. The withheld emotion is skilfully released in a simple figure in the last stanza of "Brower's Cornice," after four stanzas of objective and analytical reporting in which a boy's eye observes a portion of a brick house framed in his window, which is

—strangely reassuring to the boy as
he turned
Into himself, burrowing among the
pillows
And softly yielding to the downward
drag,
Before he sighed and let his last
hold go.

Although Joseph Warren Beach has lived an academic life, there is no intramural odor to his poems, no classical echoes to his songs, and no schoolmarm's moralization to his themes. The intellectual approach is his virtue

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and fault depending on his subject matter. It contributes to the effectiveness of his character sketch of the man "Waiting for Stella":

Thick curtains, open the Misanthrope, or take
A stiff shot of Aurelius, and be still!
. . . No good, Morris! Wisdom will not lay
This heap of jangled nerves. Only that step,

That voice can now confirm the dream and close
This circle round you.

Throughout the book one feels the sensation of being talked to, argued with, and overcome by the verbal grace of a reasonable person. Everything being said is casual but accumulates to importance and occasional eloquence. Lines out of context are inclined to be prosy as

Yet he was right in his way from the very beginning
Since no fruits start on the ungrafted vine,

which is excised from an interesting analysis of an individual called "The Man He Was." Imbedded in the discursive rhetoric of many poems there are shining figures. Professor Beach can write tight-spun lyrics but they are mental and metallic. Several are quite effective and the quatrains become gnomic and epigrammatic. "Chromatic Fantasy," which attempts to interpret in words the emotions of music offers this interesting figure:

. . . O rare release to bring
The pointless cravings of our nerves
To focus and concerted drive
So that our jarring natures ring
One pealing bell of many tones
In the infirm belfry of our bones!

Commonplaces from the Arabic

A TEAR AND A SMILE. By Kahlil Gibran. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 197 pp. $3.

By Padraic Colum

PERHAPS it is part of the exotic to exhibit something which in our idiom would be a commonplace. Translated from Bengali or Arabic and in a context the great commonplaces become impressive. But, then, would we name them commonplaces if they came over to us with intensity? "I did not know death had undone so many!" What a commonplace that is! But no one who ever read it in its text ever thought of it as commonplace.

Eastern poets, it appears, can still handle the commonplace: that may be because they are dominated by the idea of wisdom as ours are dominated by the idea of truth or beauty. I don't know enough to insist on this. But if it be so they are likely to confuse the role of seer and poet and the confusion might bring about a lack of intensity. These are just speculations that come into my mind as I read Kahlil Gibran's "A Tear and a Smile," a collection of prose and verse.

Kahlil Gibran was a Syrian, who, although he lived from the time he was a young man in Paris and New York and although he produced much of his work in English, remained a Syrian—subtle, meditative, feminine, leaning upon the antithesis of the world and the spirit. He was a Christian and had, I think, been brought up a Catholic, but to know him and to talk to him was to get the sense that Christianity in the land of its founder is strangely different from the Christianity of the West. "Monophysite," I used to mutter after I had talked with him. At the time I knew him he had perfected an art which is traditional in the East, the art of the relater of the apologue or parable. At a dinner table or in a lecture hall he would relate such stories with grace and point, and listeners would realize how well fitted the apologue or fable or parable is for conveying wisdom. They were Kahlil Gibran's finest expression; they are published in "The Prophet."

The collection published under the rather trying title "A Tear and a Smile" is earlier work. It is in prose and verse. The pieces were written in Arabic; as we have them here they are translation; we cannot know that distinctiveness they had in the original. In this translation they are too Biblical in their language and in their rhythm. The piece that has the most substance, to my mind, is that about the poet's native land. "At the foot of Mount Lebanon a shepherdess sat by a stream that wound its way among rocks like a silver thread." Her flock is barely nourished. The one who appears before her has in his hand a sharpened scythe. He says, "Peace to Syria." The shepherdess laments that the once-rich pastures are now barren and tells the one who is Destiny, "Go you to places of the West where people are at life's wedding feast and leave me to mourn at burials you have determined." But the answer Destiny makes is:

> Your likeness is in your neighbors, Egypt and Persia and Greece. That which you call by abasement, O Syria, is in my sight a needful slumber before the awakening to strength and deeds. No flower returns to live save by way of death, and love does not become a mighty thing except after separation.

And when the shepherdess takes the old man's hand he says, "Fare you well, Syria, for we shall meet again." In this vision the seer and poet are at one, and the reader remembers the picture and the prophecy. But there is a good deal of this kind of writing:

> I know that the stillness of this night is a messenger between our two spirits bearing messages even more tender than those the breeze writes upon the water's face; reciting the pages of our two hearts to each other. As God willed that our souls be placed in the prison of our bodies, so did love decree that I should be the prisoner of words.

"We've been here all night. Do you suppose we'll get paid overtime?"

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A Fiery Spirit & Simple, Sensuous One

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ISAAC ROSENBERG. Edited by Gordon Bottomley and Denys Harding. New York: Schocken Books. 240 *pp.* $3.50.

THE SIGNATURE OF ALL THINGS. By Kenneth Rexroth. New York: New Directions. 90 *pp.* $2.50.

By Howard Griffin

SINCE Isaac Rosenberg died at the age of twenty-seven it is not surprising to find that these are the uneven poems of a fiery spirit immersed in the ornate lore of his race. The jacket tells us that Rosenberg was one of eight children brought up in an orthodox home, but since the poet mentions in his letters that his parents were Tolstoyans, I question the orthodoxy. At any rate, young Rosenberg reacted away from early influences (never escaping them, of course) by, without much self-examination, enlisting in the King's Own Royal Lancasters in 1915. No one could have looked on the war with greater political naivete. A letter he wrote to Pound survives, which tells its own story. I quote: "As to your suggestion about the Army I think the world has been terribly damaged by certain poets (in fact, any poet) being sacrificed in this stupid business. There is certainly a strong temptation to join when you are making no money." By the letters we see that, returning from his unsuccessful trip to South Africa, Rosenberg plunged into the Army in the way a Martian might join the Kiwanis Club. At odd moments he continued to write, even after being shipped to France, "living in an immense trust that things would turn out well"—a confidence not justified by events.

Influenced by Whitman, Emerson, and Rossetti, Rosenberg shows in his lines a rhapsodic fervor but oftentimes a certain imaginative paucity as well as a tendency to overwrite. He had a painter's eye and many of his poems are rather vague sketches for a larger canvas. Take "Daughters of War," where men killed in battle are seen as heroes destined for superhuman maidens—an awkward compensatory idea. Although it contains excellent lines: "My sisters force their males / From the doomed earth, from the doomed glee," in which the verb force is used in a double sense, it is marred in my opinion by the bathetic nature of the Gestalt and a phony occult glamour. Not so the transfigured realism of "Dead Man's Dump." Also the poem "Returning We Hear the Larks," which contains this fine resonant line: "Lo! heights of night ringing with unseen larks" fully succeeds.

Rosenberg hated the war and he expressed this in his letters: "Believe me, the Army is the most detestable invention on this earth and nobody but a private in the Army knows what it is to be a slave," but revulsion was paired with no comprehension. He regarded war as an apocalyptic doom like the fire that fell on Sodom—as an "ancient crimson curse" that would consume the world's surface and by so doing somehow give it back "its pristine bloom." Such an attitude removes responsibility from the shoulders of men and refers it conveniently to God. It is a consolatory idea to think of war as a God-made rather than a man-made disaster.

"Simple, sensuous, and passionate" would pretty well cover Mr. Rexroth's collection. Despite an effort to be aloof and "clear like the Deipnosophists," all the poems remain very personal, often even addressed to individuals. Except for such outstanding achievements as the title poem or "For —, A Masseuse and Prostitute," the contents show little urgency of expression or compelling drive. Yet there is grace, beauty, and vividness everywhere so that it seems ungrateful to be less than wholly content. The translations from Petronius Arbiter strike me as brilliant, frankly animal outbursts, particularly numbers five and eight, in which Rexroth shows greater understanding than Miss Helen Waddell. Widely accomplished, this poet handles with equal ease a lyric of Leopardi's and a Greek epitaph.

Glancing back over the range of the book, one cannot help admiring the cloisonné finish and smooth exactitude and one would be hard put to find a careless image or an awkward phrase, yet one senses a lack of sincerity. A kind of ceramic glaze of immense sophistication encases each poem so that one pauses endlessly before the ikoned form, discounting as unimportant the content. But let me repeat that "For—, A Masseuse and Prostitute" represents an exception in which real feeling dominates the usual chic corseting and verbal make-up. I quote its conclusion:

Who could ever forget your amiable body,
Or your unruffled good sense,
Or your smiling sex?
I suppose your touch kept many men
As sane as they could be kept.
Every hour there is less of that touch in the world.

Tudor Portrait

By Richmond Lattimore

BRUSQUE shoulders and bluff beard,
hated, caressed, and feared,
hornbeam-or-hickory-hard,
gartered and starred,

in slash and puff complete,
he stands, all male six feet
and fourteen stone of him,
bulky and trim,

astride the austere hall,
big, brute divinity,
who masters from his wall
Christ Church and Trinity.

Saint, devil, ape, or man?
Soul perfect shaped or maimed?
Human or God's, the plan
that left him (named

Defender of the Faith)
to win at point of death
his bitter and his brief
uncouth belief?

Man-wolf loose on the land,
reformer with red hand,
verse maker, lout with Latin,
savage in satin;

coarse hulk of glory stopped
on the last bed of all beds
in a dream-circle of lopped
and sneering heads

from gross and glittering past,
saw he yet at the last
through the brain's breaking screen
what he had been:

monks' bane so faith shall soar,
strong king so kings shall cease,
brute, that there be no war
on earth, but peace?

So judge. But what he saw
shows nothing in jowled jaw
where, stiff astride the wall
of the harsh hall

he built, gaudy and grand
in sceptre, star, and crown,
on strong new worlds he planned
the king looks down.

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A Habit of "Firsts"

ELOISE PERRY HAZARD

FOR FIVE years—since her first book, "A Street in Bronzeville," appeared — Gwendolyn Brooks has been hearing such appraisals of herself and work as "technically dazzling," "lyric elegance," "unalloyed talent," "valid and valuable gifts," "original and exciting," "remarkable . . . saliently individual," etc. etc. And during those years she has gathered honors like nosegays: a merit award from *Mademoiselle* as one of the ten outstanding women of the year (1945); a $1,000 grant from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1946 and another from the National Institute of Arts and Letters; Guggenheim Fellowships in 1946 and 1947, and two poetry workshop awards from the Midwestern Writers' Conference. For all that, the recent announcement that her second book, "Annie Allen," had garnered a Pulitzer Prize for the best American poetry published during 1949 made her "sick with excitement," she says. She even questions whether she could ever become surfeited with honors, for she remembers too vividly the "pounds and pounds" of rejection slips and frustration she stockpiled between her fourteenth year—when her work first saw print in *American Childhood*—and the time her career really began with publication in *Poetry* at twenty-eight.

In the light of her present experience and accomplishments the thirty-two-year-old author now realizes her early attempts at versifying were "very, very, very poor." Still, not only her parents, who might have been expected to be less than objective, but several teachers in the Chicago schools and college she attended gave her constant encouragement. From Miss Inez Boulton, who conducted a poetry class for Negroes at the South Side Community Center back in 1941, she "learned a lot about technique," and to Miss Boulton's "inspired, lively way of teaching" she acknowledges her greatest debt. Adverse criticism does not bother her—"I get the most I can from it and, too, I realize all people have personal opinions anyway and there is nothing you can do about it." Her interest naturally inclines toward the modern poets, "as they are more relaxed and daring. I particularly admire Eliot, his style more than content, and Elinor Wylie's style, though I find something of value in poets of all periods."

She is not worried about becoming a coterie poet, as warned by *SRL*'s reviewer of "Annie Allen" (Sept. 17, 1949). Harper & Brothers—who in 1944 "discovered" her in their pile of unsolicited MSS. and couldn't believe their eyes, or their luck—back her stand. Any tendency to obscurity, they feel, is not deliberate but the result of experimentation with poetic forms. Currently her thrusts are aimed at two projects: a book of about seventy-five fiction pieces—"I do not call these short stories"—and a novel in verse form.

"Exciting" is the inevitable capsule word of critic, publisher, and ordinary reader for the high-noon blaze of "A Street in Bronzeville" and "Annie Allen." These are mainly about people, the shifting and shabby of a great city, but written out of a background made secure in a careful home by good, intelligent, aware parents. Rather than her mother's outgoing nature she has her father's reserve. She allows more fluency to pen than tongue, husbanding the humor, drama, and narrative virtuosity that run free in her poetry.

Miss Brooks's family also is creative: her mother composes music; her only brother is a painter; her one son, now nine and a half, likes to write and draw, both, and her husband, Henry L. Blakely—who, incidentally, says "Gwen is the most sincere person I've ever known"—admits that he attended a poetry course with his wife at one time and in a contest "I got third place, and you can guess who got first!" She's been "getting firsts" ever since, and for the benefit of those who can't lay their hands on a copy of either of her books at the moment we quote below excerpts from some of her work:

People like definite decisions,
Tidy answers, all the little ravelings
Snipped off, the lint removed, they
Hop happily among their roughs
Calling what they can't clutch insanity
Or saintliness.

* * *

I've stayed in the front yard all my life.
I want a peek at the back
Where it's rough and untended and hungry weed grows.
A girl gets sick of a rose.

* * *

Men of careful turns, haters of forks in the road,
The strain at the eye, that puzzlement, that awe—

—*Ernest Alexander*

Gwendolyn Brooks—"sick with excitement."

Grant me that I am human, that I hurt,
That I can cry.

Not that I now ask alms, in shame gone hollow,
Nor cringe outside the loud and sumptuous gate.
Admit me to our mutual estate.

Open my rooms, let in the light and air.
Reserve my service at the human feast.
And let the joy continue. Do not hoard silence
For the moment when I enter, tardily,
To enjoy my height among you. And to love you
No more as a woman loves a drunken mate,
Restraining full caress and good My Dear,
Even pity for the heaviness and the need—
Fearing sudden fire out of the uncaring mouth,
Boiling in the slack eyes, and the traditional blow.
Next, the indifference formal, deep and slow.

* * *

She didn't have any
Baby girl
With velvet
Pop-open eyes.
She didn't have any
Sonny boy
To tell sweet
Sonny boy lies.

* * *

Abortions will not let you forget.
You remember the children you got that you did not get,
. . . . . .
You will never leave them, controlling your luscious sigh,
Return for a snack of them, with gobbling mother-eye.

* * *

Out came the saucily bold Willie Boone
It was woe for our Mabbie now.
He wore like a jewel a lemon-hued lynx
With sand-waves loving her brow.
. . . . . .
It was Mabbie alone by the grammar school gates.
Yet chocolate companions had she:
Mabbie on Mabbie with hush in the heart.
Mabbie on Mabbie to be.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Why and The How

THE writer has recently completed a thorough delving into all the verse, good, bad and indifferent, that he has written in the process of some thirty-five years. Such dredging is instructive in regard to oneself, even though it cannot be recommended as an entirely pleasant task! It also happens that, in the latter years of this writer, every morning's mail brings him large envelopes stuffed with poems, not his own. It is beyond doubt that the minor poets of America are prodigious in their industry! As the writer remembers his own original impulses, he was never drawn to the practice of poetry with any idea that it could furnish a livelihood; neither can these be today. There is always with the young writer the desire to see his name in print but this usually wears off with the first published book, when the bald exposure of type engenders the usual embarrassments. Why, then, do people continue to try to write poetry? It has been considered a pretty gift proper to women but the average blunt citizen will always regard "men poets" as queer. Even queerer than painters or musicians, for many people can enjoy and even understand certain kinds of pictures and the social herd approves grand opera as "culture." These arts do not actually demand much deep thought. But poetry is peculiar; it involves an actual passion for the shape, sound, and color of words; it encourages the emotions (which should always be sat upon), and it is constantly making deeper forays into the region of the intellect. It is not logical, therefore not "scientific"; it is inexact; it is not particularly propaganda (therefore sociologically useless); it makes young girls and young men "moody"; it attempts to unscrew the inscrutable; and those who pride themselves upon their "realism" hate it because when they want to show it the dirt underfoot it is always looking off at the horizon. Why, then, in the name of common sense, do some otherwise pleasant and interesting people seem to like it and are even caught trying to write it? Say, how much can you make doing "these now" poems? Or is it a racket?

Presumably the cultivated mind knows the most obvious answers! Gradually, and with groans, poetry has been accepted in America by the commonalty, including even the United States Senate, who remember vaguely Sam Walter Foss and James Whitcomb Riley. At the first sign, however, of a poet getting too uppity and really asserting himself in public, suspicion is abroad. In the present incredible era, some publicity-mad politician may even try to pillory the wretch as a congenital nitwit. At times I almost yearn for Alexander Pope to be alive. What a Dunciad he could do, for instance, on Congress!

It is true that a great deal of silliness and pretentiousness goes along with the practice of art in any form, for art in any form always has its sentimental or assertive camp followers. Poetry is no more cursed with this sort of thing than the other arts. But always there have been those captured in their youth by the impulse to know why certain arrangements of words secrete magic and why certain rhythms move us so much. Always there have been those to whom prose statement did not say enough or did not explore sufficiently regions of the heart and mind that only a more subtle, more allusive and implicative use of language, with symbols, similes, and metaphors, could spoil of treasure. We speak geographically of our natural resources, meaning ores and coal and oil and the like. Poetry searches most deeply of any usage of words the natural resources within us.

ONCE ONE has been seized by this belief one will work closely with words all one's life, most closely to free their evocative power, even as scientists have worked to free the devastating power within the atom. That is the "why" in one sense. In another, poetry can make storytelling more exciting than can plodding prose. Dancing and racing are two of our greatest excitements and, in a way, both partake of trance. Long ago the moving picture found that the chase was one of its long suits. All over the United States today groups of young people meet to square-dance. Narrative poetry gives the reader the feeling of physical activity in a way impossible to prose.

The trance state is peculiar to poetry. It is perfectly exemplified in Keats's famous "Ode to a Nightingale." Poetry is also conjuration. Try Coleridge! But when one attempts to answer the "how" question of this editorial—ah, there the trouble begins!

Books have been written on prosody and metrics; modern critics have sleuthed the interiors of poets even to ascertaining whether they were on a proper diet or unfaithful to their

The Six Swans of Grimm

By Mark Van Doren

THEIR tongue-bound sister, terrified,
Thought only of the starting flame—
Not yet; the faggots still were cold;
But round her now a crackling came—
Not really; it was in her mind,
With panic and supposèd shame.

And yet the king, and yet the crowd,
Heard something too, and looked aloft.
A wedge of wings it was that made
This roaring in the air so soft,
This whirr, as pure white feathers fell
On tower and mead and fence and croft.

"My brothers!" For the six were there,
Standing in coats that proved them men.
"My brothers!" But they did not know
How wonderful it was again
For the sweet words to fly away
Like wind and smoke, like raven and wren.

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wives and why. Their every imbalance has been exposed to public view. But if it were possible for psychoanalysts to bring poets back to what is ignorantly referred to as "the norm" it would immediately be found that the poetry was no longer there. Poets as friends or even acquaintances are frequently unreasonable, jumpy, badtempered, easily affronted, in fact quite as obnoxious as other human beings. But other human beings have that priceless possession "common sense," which we certainly cannot allow the poet! The poet merely has uncommon sense.

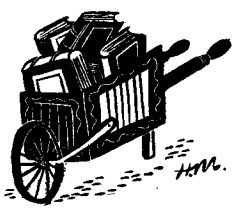
WHEN very young I spent hours one year taking great poems apart and trying to put them together again with the words in different relations. I wanted to find out just why a certain combination of words was magical and why tampering with it was the kiss of death. I only found out that the result of the tampering was most certainly true. I am talking now of great poetry, not of the poem you wrote last night at white heat under some indubitable compulsion and so cannot bear to revise. That one will probably greatly profit by revision!

You can talk about vowels and consonants till you are black in the face and you can point out all the felicities seemingly due to chance and all the disorders that blinded the poet at other times. But you cannot really explain a stroke of genius any more than you can explain the presence or absence of affliation. Most poets know eventually. They know the still births and can distinguish them from the living thing. But those who toil at a certain way of writing because that is the way T. S. Eliot writes, or because it is "the thing to do," will never know.

Which leads me to a final word about reputations of the day in poetry. Fortunate are the men of high reputation (in the case of Mr. Eliot most well deserved) but nothing is more sure in literary history than an eventual revaluation of values. If Ezra Pound, for instance, stands as high as Thomas Lovell Beddoes or even George Darley in Time's final audit, I shall be greatly surprised. What lasts—I do not mean heart-throbs—is great skill plus that indefinable element that visits any of us so rarely. The poet, like the Scholar-Gipsy, may find himself at the end of a long life still "waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall," yet also "Still nursing the unconquerable hope, Still clutching the inviolable shade," and, through the implicit pledge of that sad, immortal cadence, know how well worth all pangs of the spirit his pilgrimage has been. —W. R. B.

Anisfield-Wolf Awards

AS FOR a number of years, the editors of *SRL* take pleasure in announcing the selection of two books for the Anisfield-Wolf Awards, given each year to the best works on racial relations published during the preceding year. The books chosen for 1949 are S. Andhil Fineberg's "Punishment Without Crime" (Doubleday & Co.) and "Your Most Humble Servant," by Shirley Graham (Julian Messner).



Mr. Fineberg and Miss Graham will each receive $1,000. The awards were made by a committee consisting of Henry Seidel Canby, chairman of the editorial board of *SRL*, Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, of New York University, and Professor Ralph Linton, of Yale University. The choice was made from a large number of books submitted by many publishers, for only published books are eligible for the prizes offered.

Professor Fairchild writes of "Punishment Without Crime": "In spite of its fancy and unrevealing title, S. Andhil Fineberg's 'Punishment Without Crime' is a solid, original, constructive piece of work. As indicated by its subtitle, 'What You Can Do About Prejudice,' it is a practical handbook for all who are actively interested in reducing or eradicating prejudice, particularly of the racial or national type. Fortified by his experience as community service director of the American Jewish Committee, Dr. Fineberg offers sound advice to individuals and organizations, to minorities as well as majorities, as to the kinds of behavior that may be expected to produce the desired result. Incidentally, much of this book might profitably be taken to heart by many fighters against other forms of evil besides prejudice who allow their righteous zeal to overpower sound judgment as to the forms of protest adopted."

Professor Linton makes the following comment on "Your Most Humble Servant"; "'Your Most Humble Servant' is the biography of a great American who has never before received due recognition from history. With painstaking research and creative understanding Shirley Graham has reconstructed the life story of this Negro scholar and patriot.

"Benjamin Banneker was born in 1731, the grandson of an indentured bondservant from England and an African chief whom she bought in the slave market at Georgetown and later married. He grew up as a free, land-owning Negro and was educated by a kindly Quaker neighbor. However, he was a natural mathematical genius and soon outstripped his teachers. A self-taught astronomer, he published an almanac which served the entire Eastern seaboard. His readers planted their crops according to his predictions and formed their opinions from the wise and statesmanlike philosophy which he expounded.

"When Major L'Enfant sailed back to France in a huff, taking with him his notes and sketches for the Capital of the new nation, Banneker, who had been his assistant, redrew from memory the plans upon which the present city of Washington was laid out.

"Banneker corresponded on a basis of equality with eminent scientists and statesmen both in America and Europe. Thomas Jefferson respected him and consulted him on many occasions. Banneker's correspondence with that great statesman provided material for this book and gave it its title.

"But, although in his public life Banneker was honored and recognized, his private life was not free of the injustices and indignities which were the inevitable lot of the Negro. His one love affair ended in tragedy when the master of his beloved Anola refused to release her after Banneker had painfully saved the money to buy her freedom. More than once in his journeys in the nation's welfare he had to flee the border patrols, who regarded any Negro traveling alone as a runaway slave.

"Benjamin Banneker emerges from this volume as a remarkable man with a brilliant, courageous mind, a kindly dignity, and a burning desire to establish justice, not only for his own people, but for all citizens of the new Republic. His story is an amazing and inspiring page in American history."

The Anisfield-Wolf Awards were established by Edith Anisfield Wolf in memory of her father, John Anisfield, and her late husband, Eugene E. Wolf. They provide $1,000 for each of the two books adjudged to be the best in the field of race relations, either in creative literature or in the social sciences. To be considered for the award for 1950, three copies of a book in published form should be sent to Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild, New York University, Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y. After this year the committee will consist of Henry Seidel Canby, honorary chairman, Henry Pratt Fairchild, chairman, Ralph Linton, and Amy Loveman, associate editor of *SRL*.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Whittaker Chambers on Money

SIR: One point in Mr. Schlesinger's review of "Seeds of Treason" [*SRL* Apr. 15] hit me. I hate to stick at small points that, in the sum of things, do not matter at all. But there are people waiting to take unfair advantage of them. The point in question is Schlesinger's statement that my testimony about my Government record did not check. The important part about that particular testimony was that the Communist Party was able to get me a Government job within a matter of days. So far as I know, my testimony checks perfectly on that point—and on all other points, but one, which, to my mind, is of no importance whatever. This unimportant point is the amount I was paid. Testifying off the top of my head ten years later, I overestimated my salary. I submit that if I had been consciously dishonest in the matter I might have underestimated it. I should scarcely have overestimated it. All that this shows, I believe, is that I am a financial illiterate. I am the kind of a man who never knows how much money is in his pockets or even how much he is earning. When they asked me first about my *Time* salary, I had to approximate the amount. I just cannot get interested in money. And so it has always been.

When I went up to New York to make the *Newsweek* telecast, I found on reaching Baltimore that I had forgotten to take any money for railroad fare. A friend offered me $100, of which I took $20. You will be relieved to learn that "old George Crosley" has since repaid this loan.

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS.

Westminster, Md.

Myself in Art

SIR: That is an amusing review Hollis Alpert wrote of "The Twin Adventures" [*SRL* Apr. 22].

I think well of both the diary and the novel, but their worth as art (though probably considerable) is from one point of view irrelevant. What is not irrelevant is that both works came into being simultaneously, and together constitute an opportunity for the achievement of truth about the act of writing not frequently or readily accessible. It was inevitable that if I sought to make such an opportunity easily available to any who might be interested, and hinted to other writers that this might be worth their trying, I myself and one of my works would be involved, though I thought impersonally, for how personal have any of us a right to be, or how protective of our personalities?

Other reviewers have been irritated or bored by my having observed in the diary that my laundry was two weeks getting back, and Mr. Alpert pleasantly parodies my having noticed what I ate. Still, writers at work wear clothes that get dirty and they do eat. Since these things have a bearing on the writer and therefore on the writing, I noticed them.

The novel was meant to be an irresistible work of art. Perhaps it is. I don't know. At any rate, it has proved irresistible to a great many more people than the reviews of 1946 would have led one to believe it could ever be, and it has been translated into about a dozen languages.

The diary on the other hand was meant to be among other things a clinical report on a writer writing a novel. The point of the diary is the writer himself, and he himself is food, clothing, shelter, sleep, exercise, enthusiasm, despair, health, and illness continuously at work until the work is finished. Everything matters in such a report, for a report is a report and not a work of art.

The Writer in the novel is "based" on myself, myself, that is, in art; but the diary is there as clinical report on The Writer, if "no one . . . could possibly be such a saint."

I paid for everything out of my own pocket.

I was not sent home.

I was discharged from the Army after the end of the war when my turn came.

The truth is a hell of a wonderful thing. There is too little of it, though.

WILLIAM SAROYAN.

San Francisco, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Then my grandparents on mother's side were Elijah and Minerva Jukes —tell me, Mr. Darwin, why are you so interested in my family tree?"

Hell

SIR: I was interested in Gian-Carlo Menotti's conception of hell [*SRL* Apr. 22]. It is exactly the opposite of my own.

Hell is where poets will have to listen throughout eternity to poems they should never have written, where writers will have to review forever books they should not ever have had published, where painters will have to gaze throughout the long years at pictures that should never have been painted, and musicians listen forever to compositions they should never have penned.

The keynote of hell to me is not TOO LATE.

It is not the thing you failed to do that gnaws. What you never do can harm none. It is what you did that you should not have done that brings you awake in a cold sweat from a sound sleep. The keynote of hell is REGRET. Make no mistake about it; Menotti is wrong. I have seen too many examples. There is not too little produced in the world; there is ever so much too much of literature, art, and music—ever so much too much of the wrong kind.

E. J. WALTERS.

Vacaville, Calif.

Female Sexual Commodity

SIR: Harrison Smith's "The War of the Sexes" [*SRL* Apr. 22] treats this subject more with parlor sentimentality than cold reality.

Mr. Smith writes on the progress women have made in the last fifty years. Since women gained influence we find more separations and divorces, more broken homes, more illegitimate births, and more male and female juvenile delinquency. I wonder if anyone can call this progress.

Feminists want to eat their cake and have it, too. The advanced grimalkin type, who preach sexual equality for girls, generates an ever-growing army of social and commercial prostitutes. What is the result? The cheaper they have made the female sexual commodity, the less are men ready or even willing to enter into matrimony. Out of every 100 girls of marriageable age, only about sixty-three will gain matrimony. The more jobs women hold down, the more they reduce the earning power of men, the more girls are obliged to remain

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single. Since feminism actually implies female sexual equality, it has created a large army of easy, free-love knights of Venus, who so well satisfy men's sexual urges without matrimony.

I am afraid that women have lost far more than they gained with the advent of feminism.

C. R. WILMER.

Bronx, N. Y.

Land of Milk and Millions

SIR: It was only three years ago that I came to the United States from my native Hungary, and during these three years I have had ample time to compare life as it really is in America with the impressions I had formed about it from the American movies I saw in Hungary. I was, in Hungary, what you would call an "average" movie-goer. I liked American motion pictures for their excellent photography, their superior entertainment value and, since I spoke English myself, for the real English language spoken in them. But, along with many others, I tended to take everything for granted that was portrayed in those movies.

The American movie exporter must count with the factor that people as a group will believe anything and everything they want to believe. In hungry, war-stricken Europe they like to think of America as the land of milk and honey. So they will pick out of the American movies every little detail that will confirm their belief in this idea. The American movie-goer can go and see "Miss Tatlock's Millions," have a good laugh, come home to his own modest home, and forget about it. But nine out of ten European movie-goers will only see the "millions," the luxurious homes, the butlers, the cars, because that is what they *want* to see. They do not look at Hollywood products with the eyes of an American, who can distinguish good from bad and who knows that the days of stage-coach robberies and apaches are gone "ages long ago." They cannot be blamed for it. The intelligent European movie - goer doubtlessly realizes that there is something wrong with the gangster pictures or with "Miss Tatlock's Millions." But since he has nobody to tell him the truth, to show him the proportions of fiction and realism, he is apt to believe everything; or else he believes just the opposite—what Russian propaganda will tell him.

The crowds in Europe do seek the American movies because they are escape and because the Russian movies are propaganda. But, asks Mr. Cousins, could there be no golden mean by which Hollywood exports films that are entertaining yet truthful, without preaching? I am thinking of movies like "Apartment for Peggy," "Twelve O'Clock High," "Carnegie Hall," "Letters to Three Wives," "Song of Love," etc.

AGNES H. ALLISON.

State College, Pa.

Thanks for Colum

SIR: All lovers of literature must be grateful to Mary M. Colum and to you for printing her fine defense of James Joyce ["A Little Knowledge of Joyce," *SRL* Apr. 29].

ELFORD CAUGHEY.

Boston, Mass.

Three Poems

By Walter de la Mare

A Daydream

IN A daydream, all alone,
Shone another sun on me,
Where, on cliffs of age-cold stone,
Harebell, thyme and euphrasy,
Seraphs came that to the air
Blew a music watery-sweet;
And, as I watched, in reverie,
Danced with flowerlike soundless feet.

With what joy each instrument
Answered their sweet mouths! How burned
Their tranquil gold-bright heads in ardor bent,
While, in peace unfaltering, turned—
Turned they their strange eyes on me,
Blue in silver of the morn!
But in leaden slavery
Lay my limbs, and I forlorn
Could but watch till faint and wan
Waned their beauty, and was gone.

O my heart, what eyes were these?
What viols theirs, that haunt me so?—
Those faint-sunned cliffs, those leaf-still trees,
Heavily hanging, shade o'er shade,
Where flowers of coral, amber, pearl,
In a burning stillness laid,
Colored the clear air with light?—
O too happy dreams that furl
Their day-fearing petals white;
And vanish out of sight!

Intruder

THERE were no clouds in the arch of the evening,
Mute were the heavens in transient gold;
Not a leaf stirring, not a bird twittering,
Dreamed the dark woodland, fold within fold.

In rose-green light kneeled a hermit praying,
His solitude verdurous, vision-like, still;
When of a sudden, frigid and burning,
There pierced through his body an exquisite thrill—

Thrill, as when night-bird, crazed with repining,
Shakes a whole tree's clustered blossom with song;
Thrill, as when outcast in desert benighted,
Hears Demon mocking him, hasting along.

The Two Lamps

TWO lights brim over this old oak table—
The lamp that I've read by; the rising sun;
In a welling flood through the windowed gable—
As I turn to the day's work, scarcely begun.

As though in ineffable peace together
They mingle their beams in a mutual bliss;

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And I marvel at both, who am little able
To measure their ultimate loveliness.

With the lamp's alone a miracle enters
The familiar life which on earth I've spent—
Whose utmost fringes this frail self centers:
Yet a life that resembles a banishment.

When challenged like this—that unearthly splendor!
That eastward glory of rose and gold!
And out of my darkness and dwindling winter
I gaze at the sight like a child grown old.

The Tower

THERE were no flowers among the stones of the wilderness:
I was standing alone by the green glazed tower,
Where among the cypresses winds went wandering,
Tinged now with gold-dust in the evening hour.

What goddess lingered here no tablet unfolded;
Birds wild with beauty sang from ilex and yew;
Afar rose the chasms and glaciers of mountains,
The snow of their summits wax-wan in the blue—

In the blue of the heights of the heavenly vacancy—
My companions the silence, the relics, the lost;
And that speechless, divine, invisible influence,
Remote as the stars in the vague of the Past.

Tall Tale

By Thomas Caldecott Chubb

AS I was down by the docks one day not so many days ago,
I talked to an old man I met there—a fellow I got to know.
He stood by the pier where the fruit boats berth. He was clad in dungaree.
"Have you ever been to Port Said?" I asked. "No, sir. Not I," said he.

"Have you ever been to Singapore where the sampans line the shore?
Have you ever sailed up the Yangtse Kiang ahead of the boiling bore?
Have you ever been to Liverpool or been where the Elbe flows?"
"I have traveled to many places," he said, "but never to one of those."

"Well, where have you been?" I continued, for his face had a salty look
Which I knew he hadn't gotten by reading out of a book,
And his hands were as hard as barnacles, and his thin blue eyes saw far.
"Antwerp? Rio? Or Frisco? Sidney? Or Genoa?"

He spat a quid of tobacco. He answered: "The names are strange."
Toward the river he looked as he said this. The tide was about to change.
Gray gulls wheeled above the flotsam. A tugboat puffed in midstream.
He gave a hitch to his trousers. He paused and appeared to dream.

"But that don't say I aint moved some. Would you like to hear me tell?
Do you know where the Isle of Mares is, not far from Coromandel?
Have you heard of the Valley of Diamonds? Have you flown on a roc's wing?
Have you ever had your shipmates chawed in the mouth of a cannibal king?

"Have you ever moored to the bulk of a whale and the dang thing sank from sight?
Have you ever lived with the bones of the dead in a cave as black as night?
Have you ever been to the Mountain of Apes beyond the Andaman lee?
Have you ever," he asked me, "wrestled with the Old Man of the Sea?

"Have you ever—" I knew who he was then. I didn't have to think twice.
I would have even if suddenly the air were not pungent with spice,
If I had not seen a turban, and jewels that flashed in the air.
And I would have told him who he was, but I turned and he wasn't there.

Up to Missolonghi

BYRON: A Self-Portrait. Edited by Peter Quennell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. I, 358 pp. Vol. II, 445 pp. $10 the set.

By William A. Borst

FROM Tom Moore forward, Byron's biographers have seen the wisdom of letting their poet speak for himself often and at length—and not infrequently in prose. Other writers have helped us to understand Byron; many, including the editor of the present volumes, have written of him with skill and discernment. But as for the story, it is Byron after all who tells it best, in the swift, vibrant idiom that bears so unmistakably the stamp of the man.

The very glare of Byron's personality has always been an obstacle to proper evaluation of his literary art. Everyone knows the obvious things to say for and against his poetry, but to this day there does not exist a thorough study of his poetic achievement. Is it any wonder then that regrettably few readers know familiarly the Byron who was, at his best, one of the masters of informal English prose? Fortunately, in the two rich, exciting volumes of the letters and journals just published we have the means to closer acquaintance with this Byron—in many respects the most natural and appealing Byron — who dashed off from week to week the record of his extraordinary life. There have, to be sure, been editions of the letters and journals ever since Moore began to set Byron's works and reputation in order shortly after his friend's death. But not until now has there existed for the general reader an adequately generous and balanced selection from Byron's vast prose output.

Mr. Quennell mingles old with new. Exercising wise editorial judgment, he has chosen from previously published material what he considers the best and the most revealing of the correspondence and diary entries. The resulting passages range from the prophetic words of the schoolboy determined to "cut myself a path through the world or perish in the attempt" all the way to the last utterances of the weary champion of liberty at Missolonghi. Augmented by further letters that Mr. Quennell now publishes for the first time, they show us Byron in all his astonishing energy and variety, at his best and worst, in his gayest and darkest moods; they are his frank, vivid, continuously absorbing "self-portrait."

The fifty-six new letters fill out but

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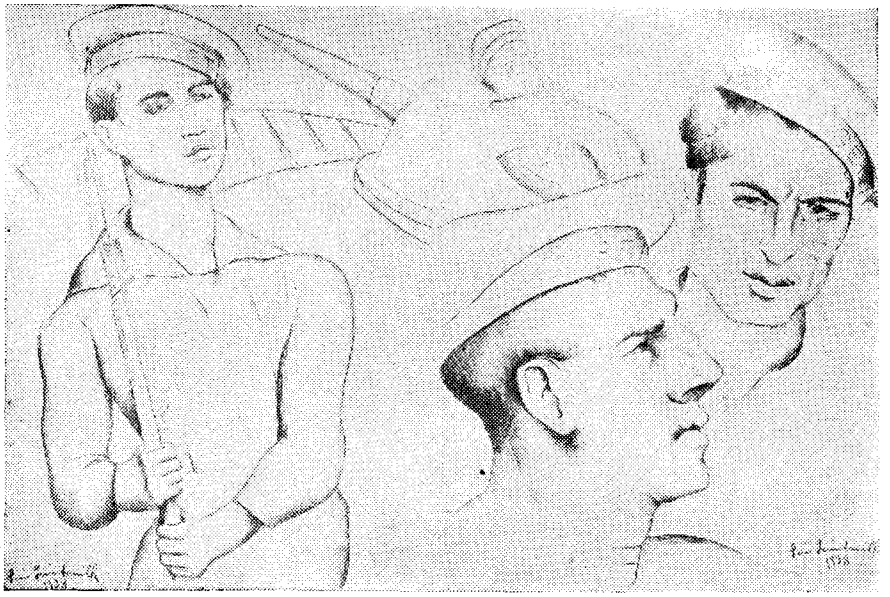
they do not in any basic way change the picture of Byron that has already emerged. Many were addressed to his friends Hobhouse and Kinnaird; perhaps the gem is a letter to Coleridge in the course of which Byron praises a poem that had been recited to him some months before by Sir Walter Scott. Byron did not hesitate to call this poem of Coleridge's "the wildest and finest I ever heard in that kind of composition"; he recalled that the "heroine" was called Geraldine, but he did *not* know that the title of the poem happened to be "Christabel."

For the most part, the striking qualities of the prose are those of the poetry. And, not surprisingly, they stem in turn from the qualities of Byron himself. It is worth note that what eventually in the great satirical poetry he found to be his perfect manner of expression we find Byron doing very early with spontaneous ease in the letters and journals. Fluency and abundance are here. He may be writing one of the many exuberant, swiftly impressionistic "letters home" from the East, holding forth on his tangled love affairs to Lady Melbourne, looking with alternate wonder and dismay at the drama of Napoleon, graphically describing an execution he has just witnessed, or he may simply be airing his mind to his faithful Achates, Hobhouse, writing to Moore one of those spirited letters out of which suddenly flash "My boat is on the shore" or "So we'll go no more a-roving." Always there is vitality and a keen eye for detail—often incongruous detail! Few writers have been able to put on paper what they wanted to say so directly and incisively.

I do not believe one can read far in Byron's letters and journals without acquiring also a sense of his keen and essentially serious intelligence and the fine honest core of his character. It is largely Byron's fault that he is often treated with more condescension than he deserves; he couldu behave selfishly and outrageously and even cruelly—yet, for all his posturings, he was at heart a person who tried to be frank with himself. If attentive reading of the best of the poetry had not already convinced us, the letters and, even more, the journals could leave no doubt: here was a man who thought and felt intensely and whose concern extended increasingly beyond himself to the human lot. To know Byron slightly is often to dismiss him too lightly. But the more closely one grows acquainted with him, the greater do respect and admiration become. These splendid volumes make Byron, the engaging, never wholly predictable human being, more immediately accessible to all.



—End papers of "All the Brave," by Luis Quintanilla.

Inspiration for a Cult

LORCA: The Poet and His People. By Arturo Barea. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 176 pp. $3.

By Dudley Fitts

DURING the thirteen years since his obscure death at the hands of Franco's rabble a great deal has been written about Federico García Lorca, the prime glory and irreparable loss in contemporary Spanish civilization. Never underrated at home during his lifetime, he has become almost mythical abroad: there are the beginnings of a Lorca cult, especially among young writers in England and the United States, and if his translators had not been, for the most part, so ill at ease with the language, we might almost expect him to be a literary influence. As, indeed, he is throughout Latin America. In any event, it is becoming more and more possible to distinguish hero-worship from fact, to understand—through serious criticism and responsible translation—something of the greatness of this poet-dramatist-painter-musician, and Señor Arturo Barea's is the most significant contribution, so far.

This is not because the book is exhaustive; it is a matter of the most luminous critical insight combined with a miraculous gift of condensation. In four brief essays—"The Poet and the People," "The Poet and Sex," "The Poet and Death," and "The Poet and His Art"—Sr. Barea demonstrates the many phases of Spanish tradition that enter into the making of a García Lorca, shows how each was transmuted by the artist's touch. The exposition is laconic but never hurried, and one marvels at the end that without employing any scholarly apparatus, without taking refuge in any private *mystique*, the author has been able to say so much and so definitely.

The translation is by Sr. Barea's wife, Doña Ilsa de Barea, and it reads like an original. (One amusing exception: the hated Civil Guard is known popularly as the *Benemérita*, which is translated as "Well-Merited Institute"—apparently a hair-raisingly masochistic irony. Actually the word is a less subtle snarl, "Benemérita" meaning "Well-Deserving"—"Granada's Finest," if you like.) The handling of the poems is especially admirable: there has been no attempt to reproduce the sonal and rhythmic qualities of the Spanish, although these are not neglected in the criticism; the concentration is upon the imagery and the translatable elements of the sense. All in all, a sensible and valuable study.

Yeats on Film

A TWENTY-MINUTE documentary film on the poet William Butler Yeats, produced by the National Film Institute of Ireland, had its premiere in Dublin in April and will be on view in America in July or August. It begins with the funeral of Yeats and then flashes back to the countryside from which the poet drew so much of his inspiration. The verse is spoken by Micheál MacLiammóir, of the Gate Theatre, and Siobhan MacKenna; the narration is by Cyril Cusack, of the Abbey Theatre, and the music was composed by Eamonn O'Gallachair.

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Questions and Answers about Simon and Schuster's new **DOLLAR BOOK** plan

FOR NEARLY A YEAR the book industry has been talking about a new and (we think) useful way to publish books: a Twin Publishing Plan, whereby each new book is published simultaneously in two editions. Lots of people have called and written to us, asking what this new plan means to the reader. We believe that you, as a reader, may be interested in the answers:

1.

QUESTION: *What is the new Twin Publishing Plan?*

ANSWER: It is a plan to publish two editions simultaneously of each new book. One—the standard hard-bound cloth edition—to sell at regular trade prices from $2.50 to $3.50. *The other—a paper-bound edition containing the full text to sell for $1.*

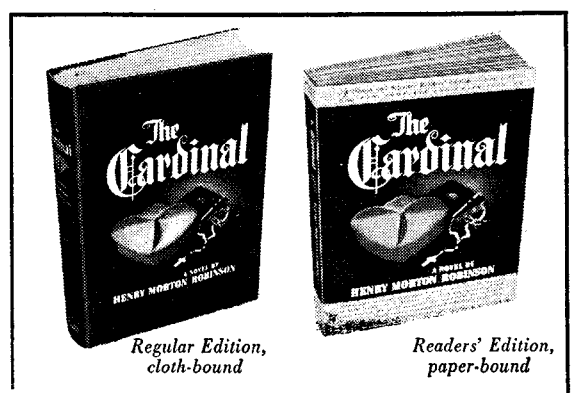
2.

QUESTION: *What is the purpose of the Twin Publishing Plan?*

ANSWER: Quite simply—to make more new books available to many more people, through offering them at a price most people can afford to pay.

3.

QUESTION: *Why should anyone buy the more expensive cloth edition when he can get the less expensive paper edition?*



Regular Edition, cloth-bound

Readers' Edition, paper-bound

12.

QUESTION: *How many copies of the Readers' Edition must be sold before the publisher breaks even?*

ANSWER: From 25,000 to 100,000—depending on the length of the text.

13.

QUESTION: *How will the two Twin Plan editions compare in sales?*

ANSWER: Judging from the past, the ratio of paper to cloth-bound has run from about three to one to about five to one. Our experience has shown that when a book is at first published, the ratio is approximately one-and-one-half to one. The more popular a book becomes, the larger is the proportion sold in the lower priced edition.

14.

QUESTION: *How and why does your plan differ from the European method of publishing books originally in paper?*

ANSWER: In England, there are no paper editions of new books. On the Continent, however, most books are published in paper. The people that buy them make use of the enormous number of small binderies that will bind copies in cloth or leather for home libraries. Because of the high labor costs in the United States, there is no comparable system of rebinding in cloth or leather at low cost.

15.

QUESTION: *If your plan is successful, will other firms bring out new books in paper binding at a dollar, along with their*

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2. To *read and keep* the book

When people buy a book to keep in their libraries they will buy the more permanent cloth-bound edition. When they buy it just to read, they will buy the cheaper edition.

4.

QUESTION: *Why is it possible to bring out the paper covered edition at a price so much lower than the cloth edition?*

ANSWER: Because more people can afford, and are willing to buy, new books at one-half or one-third of the price of cloth-bound copies, and thus the following savings are possible:

1. Larger printings, which bring the cost per volume down.
2. Assured sales which eliminate the losses due to unsold books.
3. Saving in the cost of paper. While the paper in these books is smooth and opaque, the weight is less and the quality not so high as in the regular, more permanent cloth edition.
4. Less expensive binding. These editions are bound in what is known as "perfect binding" which might be described as the kind you'll find in your telephone book or in the Sears Roebuck catalogue.
5. Lower royalty percentages to authors. The authors whose books are included in this plan are extremely interested in the experiment of furthering the reading of new books, and in each case, are willing to accept a lower percentage of royalty per copy sold. They, as well as we, believe that the greater distribution of books, made possible by the low price, will more than make up in their total income for this lower percentage.

5.

QUESTION: *What is the difference between the Twin Plan dollar edition and twenty-five cent books, such as Pocket Books, Bantam Books, etc.?*

ANSWER: There are two differences:

1. Each of these books is *new;* none of them is a reprint.
2. The size is that of a regular book.

6.

QUESTION: *Do the dollar editions contain the same complete and unabridged text as the regular editions?*

ANSWER: Yes. Exactly the same text, word for word.

7.

QUESTION: *Do the dollar editions have a special name?*

ANSWER: Yes. They are called "Readers' Editions".

PAPER	45 to 60 pound stock (THE CARDINAL is printed on 45 pound stock)	35 to 45 pound stock (THE CARDINAL is printed on 35 pound stock)
BINDING	Sewed, hard cover	Perfect bound, soft cover
TYPE SIZE	11 or 10 point (THE CARDINAL is set in 10 point type)	11, 10 or 9 point (THE CARDINAL is set in 9 point type)
UNABRIDGED	Yes	Yes
JACKET	Yes	No
PERMANENCE	Permanent	Semi-permanent
PRICE	$2.50 to $3.50 (THE CARDINAL is $3.50)	All $1.00

8.

QUESTION: *If the Twin Publishing Plan works, how soon will you bring out additional books under the Plan?*

ANSWER: If it proves successful, we hope to bring out a half dozen other books within three months.

9.

QUESTION: *What kind of books in general will you exclude from the Plan?*

ANSWER: In general we will exclude reference books, dictionaries, art books and other types which people like to keep permanently.

10.

QUESTION: *Has a plan of this kind ever been tried before?*

ANSWER: Yes, in slightly different form. A few years ago we simultaneously published, in cloth-bound and pamphlet forms, Wendell Willkie's ONE WORLD, Bob Hope's I NEVER LEFT HOME, and Billy Rose's WINE, WOMEN AND WORDS, and most recently, Vannevar Bush's MODERN ARMS AND FREE MEN.

11.

QUESTION: *How did the format of those editions differ from the new plan?*

ANSWER: They were large, flat pamphlets running from eighty to one hundred and twenty pages. The present Twin Publishing Plan calls for binding in book-size format—the dimensions of the Readers' Edition to be approximately the same as of a regular book. A one-column page is used in both Twin Plan editions. See chart for other details.

be the final solution for bringing more new books to the public at the lowest possible prices.

16.

QUESTION: *Have you made other experiments in lowering the price of reading matter to the public?*

ANSWER: Yes, in 1939 we co-operated with Pocket Books in creating the first successful 25 cent reprints to be published in America; and in 1942 we published the Little Golden Books, the first 25 cent books in full color for children.

The first dollar books included in this plan are:

THE CARDINAL by Henry Morton Robinson. America's Number One best-selling novel.
☐ Regular Edition $3.50; ☐ **Readers' Edition $1.00**

THE COMPANY OF MEN by Romain Gary. An exciting new novel about a French boy who fights his way out of the Paris underworld.
☐ Regular Edition $3.00; ☐ **Readers' Edition $1.00**

HOMEWARD BORNE by Ruth Chatterton. A compelling story about a Vermont woman and a refugee child, by the distinguished American actress.
☐ Regular Edition $3.00; ☐ **Readers' Edition $1.00**

ONE WINTER IN BOSTON by Robert Smith. Intrigue in a department store is vividly described in this story of an ambitious young man.
☐ Regular Edition $3.50; ☐ **Readers' Edition $1.00**

SIMPLE SPEAKS HIS MIND by Langston Hughes. Through the eyes of a wonderful and humorous man named Jess Simple you learn what it is like to be a Negro living in Harlem.
☐ Regular Edition $3.00; ☐ **Readers' Edition $1.00**

HOW TO PLAY BETTER TENNIS by Bill Tilden, is, we believe the most lucid and helpful book on the subject ever published.
☐ Regular Edition $2.75; ☐ **Readers' Edition $1.00**

Ask for the dollar edition of any of these books at any book or department store. If they are not available, check the ones you want and mail this, with your name and address (with a dollar for each book you order) to SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS, Dept. 15, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York 20. If you are not thoroughly pleased with your purchase you may return the book for refund within two weeks—to the place where you originally bought it. *(Of course your bookseller also has the cloth-bound edition at the higher price.)*

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

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Altair & Vega

THE COWHERD AND THE SKY MAIDEN. By Esther Shephard. San Jose, Calif.: Pacific Rim Publishers. 80 *pp.* $4.

By Jeremy Ingalls

THIS is an old Chinese legend. A herdboy loved a star-girl come down from the sky. After seven years of idyllic life on earth, she is summoned back to her duties in Heaven. The herdsman and the "weaving girl" grieve deeply over their separation. The herdsman is finally granted a place in the sky (as the star Altair). He is assigned east of the Milky Way or River of Heaven. The weaving girl's station, however (as the star Vega), is across the River. Given fair weather the lovers can meet once a year. On the seventh day of the seventh moon people pray for clear skies to permit reunion of the herdsman and his star-wife.

Esther Shephard retells this story in verse, with the forthright naivete of a Chinese shadowplay in a country courtyard. It is one of the right ways of telling it. The Chinese versions, after many centuries, have also largely lost the philosophers' insights for which the story seems originally to have been a vehicle and symbol.

Mrs. Shephard has provided with her version pleasant appendices on variant versions, on Chinese poems alluding to the legend, on its associated festival customs, and the later association with the fate in history of Ming Huang of the T'ang dynasty and his concubine, Yang Kuei-fei. The notes are reliable, as is fortunately and increasingly true of studies by Westerners devoted to Chinese tales and traditions.

Illustrations, from Chinese paintings and woodblocks, are well reproduced. Along with examples of ancient and modern calligraphy, there are two good, literal renderings of poems by Tu Mu and Li Po, with the Chinese texts. The book contains no rare information, but is an affectionate and careful gathering of materials which cannot be found together so handily and attractively in any one other single volume for the general reader.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCOTCH NOVELIST (1771-1832)

After identifying the fourteen literary figures briefly described below, print their names in the spaces just above the descriptions. The initial letters will spell the name of a famous Scotch novelist. Allowing thirty points for his name and five points for each character identified, a score of seventy is par, eighty is very good, and ninety or better is excellent. Answers on page 45.

1. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
The man who came to dinner.
2. — — — — — — — — — — — —
Leaving as mistress of East Lynne, she returned as governess.
3. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
She was married by a priest, a rabbi, and a minister.
4. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
He was forever waiting for something to turn up.
5. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
She committed suicide by leaping in front of a train.
6. — — — — —
He divided his kingdom between two ungrateful daughters.
7. — — — — — — —
Tone-deaf, she was hypnotized into singing by Svengali.
8. — — — — — — — — — —
The harelipped daughter of Jeeter Lester.
9. — — — — —
She lived in a South American jungle and spoke bird language.
10. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
She told stories every night for 1,001 nights.
11. — — — — — — — — —
The three-headed dog who guarded the gates of hell.
12. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —
This Polish actress died before her first movie was released.
13. — — — — — — — — — — — — —
"Be wery careful o' widders," he advised his son.
14. — — — — — — — — — — — — —
This beggar boy was nearly crowned king of England.

Up & Down the Scale

FINGERBOARD. By Marshall Schacht. New York: Twayne Publishers. 63 *pp.* $2.25.

By John Holmes

THE POETRY of Marshall Schacht is "not a spontaneous gushing forth of either ideas or words. It is the last act of an endless discipline, the long calculated and yet incalculable moment when the finger exercises finally merge into music on the fingerboard." The words are those of the late F. O. Matthiessen, in an exact and useful introduction to the prize-winning volume in the first year of the Twayne Library of Modern Poetry, under the editorship of John Ciardi. To the mixed surprise of everyone, Schacht is not a promising young poet but a poet who has been writing quietly for more than twenty years whose discipline has made good an early promise. He is a violinist; a sonnet, "The Fiddle's Body," gives the book its title and all artists a statement to be remembered: "The highway of the fingerboard proceeds/Up the steep mountain to the sounding vision. . . . But love, without arithmetic, will fail."

In simple forms and regular rhythms this poet brings life to common life and common man, in the country and in the city. The wildness is there but not the wildness of inarticulate emotion. One feels limits, as one feels the unchangeable size of a room one enters, but within the room few possible experiences are untouched. Personal tragedy, exultation, irony, pity, literary pleasure, pleasure in the children, the world of country animals, and New York streets rise from page after page. The subject matter is, in fact, far richer than its poetic forms and rhythms. This in itself makes the book unusual: no inverted acrobatics merely because the poet is recording a distressing or an unusually pleasurable experience. He has learned to practise his experiences, to control them. Schacht's control simplifies, or seems to simplify, tremendous meanings. One goes deeper and deeper into the pages, on successive readings, always with satisfaction.

All the registration of contemporary trouble is here, and all the keeping of a heart's journal. He has taken his time. He has looked with sharp eyes and mind at his world and at his own mind and heart. But he has never misused poetry selfishly and that is unusual in the pained and subjective writing of the mid-century. Schacht objectifies with his images and his titles. It takes a long time to learn how to keep out of one's own poetry

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but this poet has learned his manners.

This book should give poetic pleasure to readers on several levels: those who say they don't understand "modern" poetry (this book is a literal today), those who look for an acute awareness of the way we all live (this book has it, all up and down the scale), those who don't like to seek meaning through complex form (but complexity has been cut back and sung into lyric form), and those who simply like to read a good book. Without analysis this is good reading, and with it even better.

Autumnal Tone

THE GREEN LEAF: The Collected Poems of Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 166 *pp.* $3.

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

IT IS deep pleasure for those who know Robert Nathan the poet as well as the novelist to find gathered in one volume the memorable sonnets; the short poems of a simple, sparing lyricism; the narrative "Morning in Iowa." Here is the personality itself, obscured in poetry only by substance of sheerest gauze or autumn haze. For throughout the work is the autumnal tone: this is a nature in tune with melancholy and ruefully so. In that fine group of "Autumn Sonnets" none stands out with more magnificence than Number 24, in which the poet tells the story of an artist's life and fate:

I ride the great black horses of my heart
With reins of steel across their flying hair;
So slow are they to halt, so swift to start,
The stormy-breasted stallions of despair.
Dark as the night and fretful as the air,
Fleeter than hounds that go with bellies thinned—
My wrists of all their strength have none to spare
When those black hunters lean upon the wind.
What if the sudden thunder of their feet
Wakes like a dream some farmer from his rest?
Dreams had I too, farmer, before these fleet
Steeds of the night had broken from their nest.
Their weary flanks are green and white with foam.
Sleep, brother, sleep; I bring my horses home.

Even in times of equanimity it is sorrow, "the old mother," to whom he speaks, as in "Parting in Autumn" (a lyric which also shows his telegraphic gift):

Come, sorrow, time to part, year's turning,
The elm trees borrow
Their last bright colors, last leaves burning—
Winter tomorrow.

You take one path, I the other—
Now clasp hands—
I'll send you news of me, old mother,
From foreign lands.

In music, quietness, the sea—his trinity—he finds his peace:

The cellos, setting forth apart,
Grumbled and sang, and so the day
From the low beaches of my heart
Turned in tranquility away. . . .

and

O let the waves of quiet break
In snowier foam before my doors,
And gradual, healing silence make
Her music on these shores.

"I do not bring my own work forward with any great assurance," he says in his preface. If he did he wouldn't be Robert Nathan nor would the poems be what they are, full of solace to many who, as he says of himself, "belong to another period and find that the world no longer seems to care for the things you were taught to care for."

Sonnets in a Moonship

"It is a most beautiful and delightful sight to behold the body of the Moone."—Galileo.

By Starr Nelson

OUR SHIP rose on roaring flames, the volcanic emission
Searing suns in your eyes; the intolerable sound
Of our flight split the drums of your ears; and the wound
In the blood reopens; the red buds whose fission
Is the mortal storm in Man's veins blossom in fire.
For all men, unrest. But for us, now, *Brennschluss** is over,
The moment of death; and out of the shock of the river
Of dark sub-sonic waves the brain coils clear.
Now, running the lightning rails of empty air,
We know our limbs all weightless as in dreams
We dreamed on earth—on earth!—that monstrous ball
Upon whose strange dissolving face I stare!—
Out from my eyes queer small quicksilver streams
Of globules float, that break, but never fall . . .

TURN, turn to Luna's fair face, traveling ghost!
Was this the nymph Poseidon took to bride,
Whose capture raised the hot Atlantean tide?
Was this the white swan in the blueblack nest
Of *Omnium*? The enchantress all but speaks;
She swells upon the night—her golden rays,
Her ringwalls and her rills, her lucent mysteries;
From *Mare nubium* to the Flammarion peaks,
Her shadows and her fathomless deeps are ours.
Are ours but in a little while!—'til then,
Let me bear down upon this curvetting pen,
Let me before the parching air burns frore
And glittering cold performs the effect of fire
Sing the sweet temperate earth, her dews and flowers.

THIS is a journey for lunatics or gods!
So may we rave, and clutch the worn artifact—
The knife, the ridiculous wallet,—changelings tricked
By fool's-fire, lost in the galactic woods;
Or, if these shapes be gods, whose tense young faces
Hover over charts and gauges, whose hands upon levers
Are solemn and sure with the daedal touch of the lover's,—
Think on those goddesses who, in far-off places—
O, in sweet far-off unforgotten home!—
Wait for one word, the postal scrawled in light,
The sign, the radar glyph across the night,
The flash unwinding the grim clocks of time,
The letter saying *All's well! The race is won!*
Saying *I love you*, signed *The Man in the Moon.*

**Brennschluss* is the word used by rocket engineers to designate that moment when, the projectile having passed beyond the field of the earth's gravity, the flame of the motor goes out.

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Seeing Things

SWEETNESS AND BLIGHT

ALTHOUGH print seems permanent enough, it in no way guarantees permanence to a literary reputation. Most outstanding authors die at least twice; first, when death overtakes their bodies; next, when it overtakes their popularity. They may, of course, have lost their prestige long before their deaths. If they have not they are apt to do so soon after their obituary praises have been sung. If they are blessed with the lasting as opposed to the evanescent stuffs, and if in the pendulum's swing there is a return to tastes and needs similar to those which once they satisfied, writers may be rediscovered and hence live again. When they survive a sufficient number of rediscoveries—more accurately, when they outlast the need to be rediscovered—they can be said to have taken their place among the immortals. In general, however, the disesteem into which they sink soon after dying is equal to the esteem in which they were held while alive. Fame enjoys no exemption from rigor mortis.

The fate of Sir James Barrie is only the common lot. In spite of the success of the current "Peter Pan" the little man from Kirriemuir has gone into an eclipse. A revolt against him has taken place. How emphatic this reaction has been, Brooks Atkinson has made clear. Recently in the Sunday *New York Times*, though praising "Peter Pan," he said things about Barrie which thirty years ago would have caused the Messrs. Alexander Woollcott, Clayton Hamilton, and William Lyon Phelps to picket Mr. Ochs's journal and provoked mass demonstrations on the campuses of such female academies as Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, and Vassar.

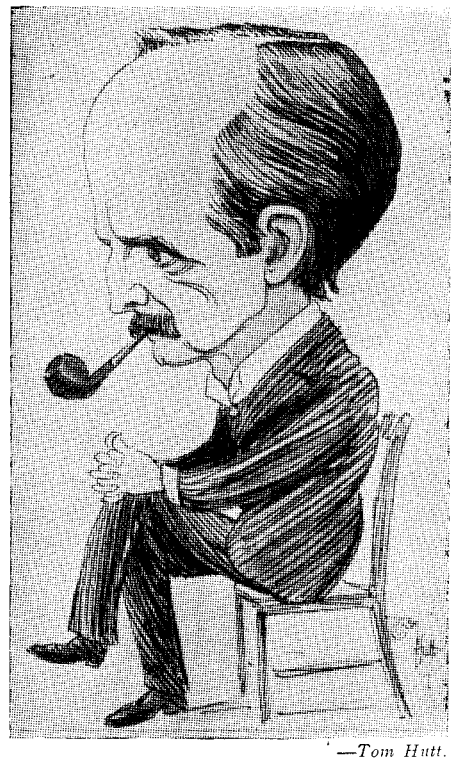
"Since Barrie was the man who would not grow up," wrote Mr. Atkinson, "most of his plays have no further significance in the theatre. . . . The world has dropped most of Barrie into the polite limbo of forgotten pleasures. Although he was a neat writer—neater than Shaw—his arch mannerisms and his demure mind do not have much value now. Aside from 'The Admirable Crichton,' which almost makes a definite statement, there is very little of Barrie worth saving."

So sweeping a dismissal was bound to take some of us aback. We, too, would exempt "Peter Pan" and for the reasons we have already tried to explain (*SRL* May 6). But, quite aside from feeling that "The Admirable Crichton" does make a definite statement, we would have our other entries of works by Barrie which we believe could be encountered even now with pleasure. "What Every Woman Knows" (especially because of its fine first act) is one of these. So is "Dear Brutus." So is "Shall We Join the Ladies?" And "Mary Rose" and "The Boy David" are not without their champions, though I am not among them.

Forgetting the theatre, there are those of us who, whether we retain or have lost our first taste for "The Little Minister," "Margaret Ogilvy," or "A Window in Thrums," continue to admire passages in "Courage," that Rectorial Address which Barrie delivered in 1922 at St. Andrews. We still find amusement in his "Letters." We wish we had heard those fugitive speeches of his collected under the title of "M'Connachie and J.M.B." We are gratefully aware that Barrie was possessed of gifts, radiant and unique, which set him apart. We also cannot bring ourselves to deny him that famous, if dangerous, charm of his, nauseated as we may be by the excesses into which it so often misled him. Even so, it is impossible not to see Mr. Atkinson's point. A man who refused to grow up is fated to have less and less to say to a world desperately in need of growing up, in spite of the sorry daily reminders of its having failed to do so.

When "Peter Pan" was first produced in London Max Beerbohm noted that Barrie, earlier than most men who never come to maturity, had halted before the age when soldiers and steam engines begin to dominate the soul. "To remain, like Mr. Kipling, a boy, is not at all uncommon," said Beerbohm. "But I know not anyone who remains, like Mr. Barrie, a child." Beerbohm saluted "Peter Pan" as Barrie's best work because, as he stated it paradoxically, "Here at last we see his talent in its full maturity for here he has stripped off from himself the last flimsy remnants of a pretense of maturity."

Barrie—the eternal child rather than the eternal boy—did grow and



—*Tom Hutt.*

Sir James Barrie—"something sacheted and tearily tender."

keep on growing, after "Peter Pan." But he never grew up, at least in the ordinary sense. To the end he found it hard to put childish things behind him. Even the pipe upon which the author of "My Lady Nicotine" puffed seemed more happily employed, as Beerbohm suggested, when releasing soap-bubbles than when used for smoking. Barrie was, of course, more than a child, with a child's unworldly sense of wonder and a child's capacity to believe wholeheartedly in the unreal. There was also something spinsterish about his spirit, something sacheted and tearily tender, something soft and satiny, as given to old lavender as it was to cream puffs and caramels. Often he appeared to approach the fraternity of men through sorority doors. His winsomeness could be so intolerable and his sweetness so curdling that it is easy to understand the widespread allergy to Barrie which has developed over the years.

TAKE his stage directions, for example. They can be more elfin than a forest full of Brownies. Their cuteness can send the stoutest stomachs spinning. A few unfortunate illustrations, chosen at random, will suffice. Let us start with Peter Pan's entrance. "Then the window is blown open, probably by the smallest and therefore most mischievous star, and Peter Pan flies into the room." Or consider John Shand's first appearance in "What Every Woman Knows." "The window opens and shuts as softly as if this were a mother peering in to see whether her baby is asleep." Or

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take the sentence in "A Kiss for Cinderella" which says Mr. Bodie "is a painter for the nicest of reasons, that it is delightful to live and die in a messy studio; for our part, we too should have become a painter had it not been that we always lost our paint-box."

Turn next to "Quality Street" and what do we find? "There seems no sufficient reason," writes Barrie, "why we should choose Miss Phoebe as our heroine rather than any of the others, except, perhaps, that we like her name best. But we gave her the name, so we must support our choice and say that she is slightly the nicest, unless, indeed, Miss Susan is nicer." As a final test of the reader's patience and my own dramamine supply, let me quote from "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Four London charwomen are discovered at the tea table. "As you can see by their everyday garments, and by their pails and mops (which are having a little tea-party by themselves in the corner), it is not a gathering by invitations stretching away into yesterday, it is a purely informal affair; so much more attractive, don't you think? than banquets elaborately prearranged." No wonder that, when asked to swallow such syrup, George Jean Nathan insisted that Barrie represented the triumph of sugar over diabetes.

Barrie was well aware that his writings could get beyond his control. At St. Andrews, in a famous passage, he let the cat out of the bag. With typical whimsicality he gave the name of M'Connachie to the unruly half of himself: the writing half. "I am the half that is dour and practical and canny, he is the fanciful half," said Barrie; "my desire is to be the family solicitor, standing firm on my hearthrug among the harsh realities of the office furniture; while he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind him doing that, but he drags me with him."

It is because M'Connachie, the one-winged sprite, does drag Barrie around with him that some of us have developed so hearty a dislike for M'Connachie. He is the real villain in Barrie's works, the destroyer of Barrie's virtues, the seducer he could not resist. He, I am certain, wrote the regrettable stage directions already referred to. Although Barrie might insist "M'Connachie is the one who writes the plays," I prefer to hold him responsible for writing what is bad in them; for mistaking lollipops for language, treacle for thought, and persuading Barrie again and again that mica was gold.

"Beware of M'Connachie," was Barrie's advice at St. Andrews. He added, "When I look in a mirror now it is his

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face I see. I speak with his voice. I once had a voice of my own, but nowadays I hear it from far away only, a melancholy, lonely, lost little pipe. I wanted to be an explorer, but he willed otherwise. You will all have your M'Connachies luring you off the high road. Unless you are constantly on the watch, you will find that he has slowly pushed you out of yourself and taken your place. He has rather done for me."

Indeed he had. Barrie was conscious of his own limitations. He resented the fact that he was his own Sentimental Tommy. He realized, as he put it, that he was "battered by the neglect of sex." He cringed when anyone was shabby enough to tag him as whimsical or elusive. He wanted to be described as "the Inoffensive Barrie." By his own confession he always thought of himself as being rather realistic. He wished that sentiment had been left out of him.

With a smiling sadness characteristic of him, he contended on one occasion that Richard Coeur de Lion was the character in history he most closely resembled. Barrie liked to picture himself as a lion. "Have you ever seen a lion at the zoo unable to chase from his cage a mob of sparrows?" he asked at a public dinner. "I have sometimes thought that children and fairies are my sparrows, and that I am the badgered lion. [As for children and fairies] . . . I could never abide them."

"If only I could write something harmful!" he sighed. But he could not. What he wrote at his best in "Dear Brutus," "The Admirable Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows," or "Peter Pan" was far more than merely virtuous. When M'Connachie was under control, it was, of course, charming and whimsical. It was as full of Barrieisms as John Shand's speeches were of those Shandyisms which Maggie supplied. Yet it was also wise with the wisdom which comes from knowing that reality is not confined to appearance or facts and that, though two and two should make four on the blackboard, they can make three or one or twenty in the human heart.

Under the dew of the Barrie mist, as once I tried to point out, was a Scotch thistle. The courageous was there no less than the soft, the strong along with the sentimental. Barrie really believed in the good, the true, and the beautiful. "The laugh that children are born with lasts just so long as they have perfect faith," Dearth could say to his Dream Daughter in "Dear Brutus." Barrie never lost that faith or that laugh.

Surely a man thus blessed is not entirely ready for the oubliette in a world where faith is shrinking and facts grow uglier. The better half of Barrie—the half he ruled himself—is worth saving. If no longer in the theatre, then certainly in movies, British made, and with all the constables in the kingdom on hand to keep M'Connachie, that unbearable wretch, off the lots.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLUES FOR THE PRINCE *Bart Spicer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Shooting of Negro blues composer and its aftermath involve shrewd private-eye in exotic and violent pursuit of well-hidden killer.	Devotees of jazz and blues should find it extra interesting. As murder yarn it packs plenty of excitement and unusual characters.	High-grade
MURDER IN A HURRY *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Envenomed corpse of eccentric tycoon jammed in petshop cage gives Mr. and Mrs. North and police lively and dangerous time.	Pretty young artist and Scottie named Aegisthus add romance and canine cavortings to typical Northian adventures and affrays.	Standard Brand
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY *Helen McCloy* (Random House: $2.50)	Strange dismissal of girls'-school teacher leads colleague to call in psychiatrist-sleuth Basil Willing, who makes startling discoveries.	For chills, thrill, suspense, adroit detecting, and general eye-popping excitement this is way out in front!	Terrific
DEATH AND LETTERS *Elizabeth Daly* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Secret sale of indiscreet letters from English poet to American matron leads to murders—and some slick sleuthing by Henry Gamadge.	Intelligent "literary" detecting, poignant pictures of proud, peculiar, and tragic family, and startling denouement.	Good

Mr. & Mrs. Browning

THE IMMORTAL LOVERS: Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. By Frances Winwar. New York: Harper & Bros. 344 pp. $4.

BY JAMES GRAY

THE VIEW of the sentimental cynic that drama must, in all discretion, destroy very early its romantic figures like Romeo and Juliet because there is nothing significant left to say of lovers once the radiant ardors of the teens are past is comfortingly denied by the history of the Brownings. These poets did not marry until Elizabeth Barrett was in her fortieth year, whereafter they lived together in the most engaging amity until they were deep in middle age. Psychological hazards of many kinds threatened their happiness, such as that both were artists and that, during her lifetime, the wife was much the more successful of the two. Yet they maintained an intimacy that has charmed the literary world since their deaths quite as much as it pleased the intimates of their living circle. Rooted in the most profound needs of human nature their marriage flowered with all the graces of civilized living.

Because they lend the endorsement of poetic genius to the prosaic idea that love may be tamed, disciplined, and domesticated without necessarily losing its attractiveness the Brownings are bound to reappear many times in popular romantic interpretations of the sweet habit of living. They reassure us in the same way as do the Lunts in their protracted clinical discussion on the stage of what it is to be well-mated.

Frances Winwar is the latest writer to bring the Brownings back to life. She has a serviceable formula for doing so. This includes enough of criticism to exonerate her of the charge of merely retelling literary gossip. It includes also enough of original research to free the author from suspicion of following other interpreters slavishly. It does not include enough of either to burden the mind of the reader who hopes simply for a smoothly flowing narrative or quite to satisfy the reader who hopes for a fresh interpretation.

Elizabeth Barrett has the more fortunate experience of the two poets in this reconsideration of their history. Miss Winwar has released her from the psychopathic ward to which Rudolph Besier's play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" tried ungraciously to consign her. Barrett, père, remains a sufficiently disturbed person to need psychoanalytical examination but the

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daughter's response to his "whim of iron" is shown to have been not only healthy but humorous and full of insight at once tender and shrewd.

The later glimpses of Elizabeth Browning are no less attractive, particularly for their winning waywardness. Mrs. Browning as the *exalté* idealist letting her imagination be captured by any demagogue who pronounced pompous platitudes about service to the poor puts off her genius temporarily to emerge as a figure of high comedy whose artificially inflated hopes are promptly pierced by her husband's common sense. The pathetic, smothering passion for her son, the yearning after spiritualism, the devotion to George Sand — all these enthusiasms define, in Miss Winwar's sympathetic treatment of them, the woman whose intensities of mind were not unwilling servants to even greater intensities of heart.

Miss Winwar's comparative disinterest in Robert Browning may be measured by the fact that she makes short work of the thirty years of his life that followed his wife's death. Though the author has made use of the materials in the Browning Collection at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, she whets one's curiosity rather than satisfies it with her references to such matters as Browning's ancestry, his relationship with Isa Blagden, his long career as literary lion after his period of creative enthusiasm was over, and his touching devotion to his son. There is still need of a study of Browning as the complete diner-out, the ghost of greatness receiving for his second-rate work the praise that was withheld from his major accomplishment when these were new and of urgent importance to him.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT No. 361

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 361 will be found in the next issue.

ASCRIBE SC F DEDGSD HILT

MBSRRLP KE RSTL WHIP

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—CALGGLE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 360

The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.

—G. HERBERT.

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Four Voices Out of Israel

Revelation

By Abraham Schlonsky

HEY—who called me: listen!
Hey—who called me by my name.
—What?
—Who?

Eli said: go back, lie down!
Eli said: in vain!
Eli said: there is no more vision, for my eyes are dim.

But again it calls me: listen!
But again it calls my name,
How shall I answer: Here I am!?

Midnight. Eli grows old, on his bed he moans:
"My sons. . . . Oh, my sons"—
And already the universe lies down in me, wounded like
the sunset between the corpses of my clouds.
I know: here God is coming.
He will come and kiss your wounds with a storm.
And Eli is very old, and the sons of Eli are perverse,
And I—am still a boy—

But here he roars arise, here he is in pain and songs,
And in the red East the finger of a lightning calls me.

—Speak, my Lord, for your servant listens!

In Forgiveness and Grace?

By Leah Goldberg

WILL days, indeed, yet come in forgiveness and grace,
When you will walk in the field, will walk like a simple-hearted wayfarer,
With clover leaves stroking your bare feet,
With the stubble sweetly stinging?

Or rain overtake you with its throng of drops
Beating upon your shoulders, chest, neck and fragrant head;
And you will walk in the wet field, quietude expanding in you
Like light in the skirts of a cloud?
And you will see the sun in the golden mirror of the puddle—
All things simple, and alive, and you may touch them,
And you may, you may love?

You will walk in the fields alone, unscorched by the heat of the blazing fires,
On roads that bristled with horror and blood;
And in purity once again be meek, and submissive,
As is a blade of grass, as is mere man?

My Child, Should It Cry

By David Vogel

MY CHILD, should it cry in a foreign land—
And now it is night—
And there is no one to pour on him
Slumber like terror.

And here stand sandals,
And they are very empty.
House-sandals
In the stillness of the night.

And to send I wanted my hand
Over the vastness of the silence
And drop repose on you
From the strength of my love.

Many Years That I Sing

By Uri Zvi Greenberg

MY GOD, it is many years that I sing!
There are brothers mushrooms and sisters anemones,
In my life and in their lives opaque fruit.
Do you know, my God, the hardness of the rock
It is for me to hew from it my declarations!

I am drunk thus on my own revelations!
With my hands I raise opaque fruit—

All who hunger have fastened unto me with their teeth;
All who are pained fastened unto me with their eyes;
And I am unable to make this heart
A quiet burial place for their bodies.

Uri Zvi Greenberg, member of the Israeli Parliament; David Vogel, killed by the Nazis; Abraham Schlonsky, editor and poetic rebel, combiner of folk idiom with religious root; Leah Goldberg (a rare lyric translated by Simon Halkin from the forthcoming Schocken Books, Inc., volume "Modern Hebrew Literature") called Schlonsky's right hand. Other translations by the American poet Judah M. Turkat, from a collection in the forthcoming issue of the Poetry Book Magazine, *Marcia Nichols Holden, editor.*

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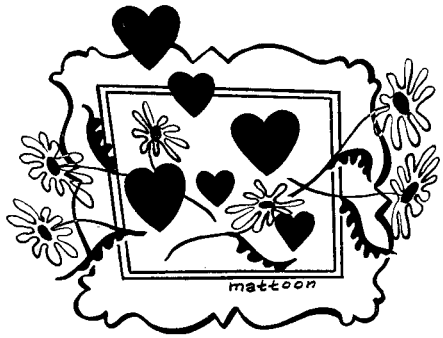
Two Parts of a Philosophy

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. The Excursion. The Recluse. Part I, Book I. Edited from the manuscripts with textual and critical notes by E. de Selincourt and Helen Darbishire. New York: Oxford University Press. 500 *pp.* $8.

BY CHESTER L. SHAVER



AMONG the centenary honors being paid to Wordsworth in 1950 the Oxford English Texts edition of his poems, begun ten years ago and now completed, will rank high. Incorporating all his known verse except "The Prelude," which De Selincourt edited earlier for the same series, it has become the authority for exact quotation.

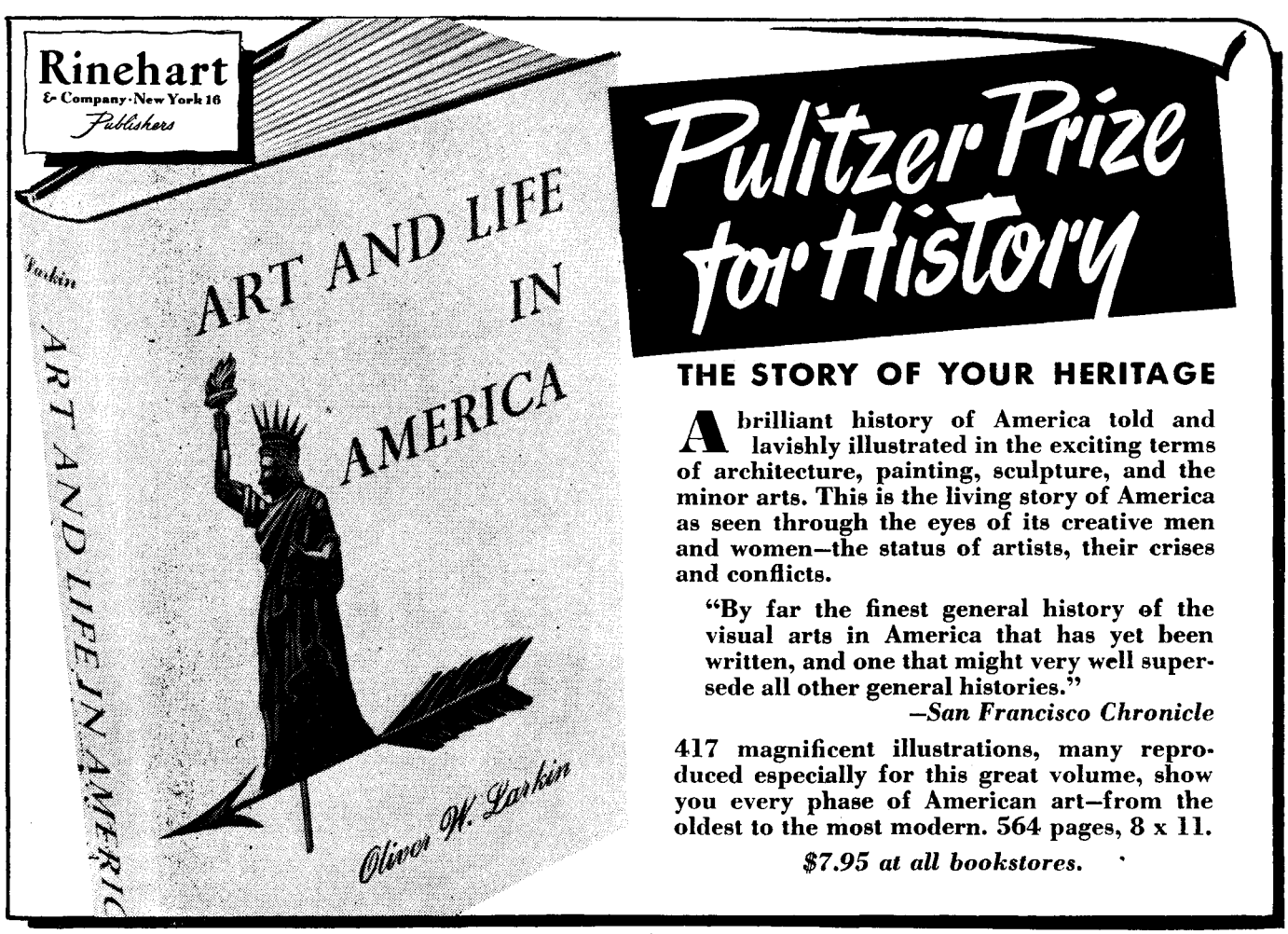
As a tribute to Wordsworth's art it raises the physical edifice of his poetry, the text itself, in fuller outline than it has ever stood. We see the manuscript base of a reading, the mounting tiers of variants, and the capstone of a final choice.

Such a memorial alone is impressive. But De Selincourt, and since his death Miss Darbishire, have not ended their homage there. On a text bound to be definitive they have laid a wreath of durable commentary, glossing person, place, and thing as only such long-schooled Wordsworthians can.

The final volume, which houses an index to the set, makes room chiefly for annotated texts of "The Excursion" and the sole book of "The Recluse." To clarify these Miss Darbishire includes a number of hitherto unpublished fragments related to "The Excursion" and "The Prelude," and adds for good measure a dozen new-found lines on Milton.

A prime value of her notes is her convincing sketch of how "The Excursion" grew. She treats the evolution of the first book with a proper thoroughness, considering that it was the germ of the whole. Illuminating, too, is her demonstration that certain passages in the seventh lean on another poem which Wordsworth never finished. Beyond this she tells with a clarity won from fresh data the familiar but tangled story of the projected philosophical poem where "The Prelude," "The Recluse," and "The Excursion" were to interlock.

As the only part of this scheme to appear in Wordsworth's lifetime, "The Excursion" suffered in reputation from the notorious mauling Jeffrey gave it in *The Edinburgh Review*. Today, understanding its aims better, we require a more tolerant verdict than his perfunctory "This will never do." It is a poem of moral altitudes, to be sure, but not the "tissue of devotional ravings" that he called it. For pathos the laconic idyll of Margaret will always do, and there is more subtlety than he guessed in the deliberate near-prose of the blank verse. Great poetry may be scarcer than in "The Prelude"; even so "The Excursion" has many moments when we catch "authentic tidings of invisible things."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Word & Myth

THE MAGIC WORD, Studies in the Nature of Poetry. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 151 pp. $2.75.

By A. M. Sullivan

IN HIS introduction to the four essays in this little volume the author says, "What is attempted [here] is to situate the problem of poetry, of literature, at the ultimate places of its being—word and myth." There are four essays in the book, "The Magic Word," "Homer," "Shakespeare," and "Goethe and Our Time." The last three are set on the platform established in the first. Mr. Lewisohn impresses us with the premise that poetry is essentially incantation and he traces the mesmeric quality of the poetic word, a quality which the real poet evokes, an infection of sound that takes hold of our emotions.

I followed the author with more loyalty than clarity in his scholarly and technical examples of the hypnotic influence of words chanted in repetitive or alliterative lines. The evidence accumulates in his favor with classical as well as primitive language quotations. The essay heightens to eloquence in the concluding paragraph, in which he regrets the "melancholy" situation in current literature. "Poetry has withdrawn into a realm of sterile mumbling . . . ," he says poignantly.

Mr. Lewisohn doesn't care much for modern intellectual poetry and its materialistic defenders and their "spiritual homelessness" which "produced the opaque and tortured and helplessly cacophonous work of the neo-esthetes from Wallace Stevens to, let us say, Delmore Schwartz." I would like to quarrel a little with Mr. Lewisohn's judgment if he includes the early Wallace Stevens. The poet of "Harmonium" was a gifted musician with the quality of incantation and evocation, even if the elder Wallace Stevens has retreated into a cavern of the intellect, where one is confused by brilliance rather than darkness.

In opposing the "neo-esthetes," Mr. Lewisohn is impressed with the conjurer's gift in Valéry and Rilke. He makes a good case against the poets who have attempted to substitute mental agility and metallic verbalism for eloquence of the spirit.

In establishing the value and power of national and racial myth as a spur of great literature, Mr. Lewisohn prepares the reader for his interpretive essays on Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Although his talks on Homer and Shakespeare are objective and rewarding, it is Goethe who receives the greatest attention, for he relates the wisdom of Weimar's sage to our own social and political problems. Lewisohn's enthusiasm exposes him to the charge of hero worship of Goethe, who acquires heroic proportions in the critic's appraisal. According to Lewisohn, there was a giant in those momentous days of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, a giant of literature, and Goethe was his name. It is Goethe's shadow which Lewisohn superimposes on the twentieth century and he makes an impressive appeal for his champion.

Lewisohn's attitude toward poetry in general is affirmative and spiritual. His poets must be prophets with a sense of public obligation, never doubters of the ultimate high destiny of mankind. His style produces effective epithet and a resonant oratory. I assume that the English renderings from Goethe are Lewisohn's personal versification. Several of the lyrics are labored in the effort to corset Goethe's meanings in English rhyme. The transmutation leads to a baser metal. The way of the translator is hard and his rewards seldom include critical gratitude for a labor of love.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 842)

KEROUAC:
THE TOWN AND THE CITY

You could stand in old Galloway Road and look at this George Martin home and know that there is nothing more haunting than a house at night when the family is asleep, something strangely tragic, something beautiful forever.

Way of the Vanguard

NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY. Number 11. Edited by James Laughlin. New York: New Directions. 512 pp. $4.50.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

"THE POSITION of the writer [in America] who writes as well as he possibly can 'to please himself' becomes less tenable," notes Stephen Spender, in his contribution to "New Directions 11." Agreeing with James Laughlin, editor, who has been hammering this theme for some years, Mr. Spender finds that commercialization has all but destroyed taste, judgment, and new writers in this country. However, as if to escape the charge of "a certain condescension in foreigners," the British observer concedes "a failure of avant-garde excitement in literature after this war throughout the world."

Is it possible, after all, that avant-gardism is its own worst enemy? It would seem so, to judge from much of the "new writing" Mr. Laughlin admits to his collections. In plain fact, it is too late for *fin de siècle*: the decadence has gone into a decadence; the train of experimentalism has run off the rails and lies half-buried in the rubble of this post-Atomic, pre-Hydrogen Era. Still, from somewhere back in the Twenties, the dispatcher continues to send his trains along the same tracks, fondly supposing that they are going in "new directions."

Undoubtedly the most misdirected and pretentious effort in the latest New Directions annual is Henry Miller's attempt to equate himself with Rimbaud. Far from being, like the great French poet, a *voyant*, Miller is actually the leader of a movement whose followers are zombies. Where Rimbaud's agonies found their "objective correlative," Miller's are, I am afraid, too dear to their possessor for him ever to relinquish them. Certainly, Rimbaud knew one thing that Miller apparently will never learn: he knew when to stop.

For the rest—well, clearly, a volume so bulky and multiplex as to include forty-five writers of admittedly "divergent trends" is not designed to be reviewed, or even read, comfortably. Mr. Laughlin sees this annual as an "exhibition gallery" but the gallery is so crowded and the exhibitors are so unevenly represented that the show can hardly be appraised with more than rough justice.

Some of Mr. Laughlin's old contributors are back, with competent but unreasonably familiar material: Paul Bowles, Robert Lowry, Kenneth

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Rexroth, Tennessee Williams. Perhaps it is the fault of our age that the themes of violence and sex are recurrent; but no new style has evolved; only the alternation of naturalism and surrealism continues; occasionally the two merge. At times the prose contributions read like parodies of themselves or of each other. Tito Guerrini's passionate grasp of reality in "My Maternal Aunt" is exceptional. So, too, I suppose, is Allen Chalmers's "The Railway Accident," a "satire upon satire," which effectively destroys its genre. On the other hand, John Hawkes, for all his cleverness, only deals with phantoms in a dusty mansion; despite excellences, his novelette, "Charivari," is overdone, as is H. E. Fenway's "An Arduous Good."

The poetry is brightened by the presence of William Carlos Williams, who has never looked so young. "Honorable mention" also should go to some of the other writers in this medium: Lorine Niedecker, for her fresh notations; Willard Maas, for his command of both strangeness and form; Marcia Nardi, for the passion and perspective in her work. And Warren Carrier's translation of the Chilean Claudio Solar, is an effective original creation.

Search for the Redeeming Tongue

PATERSON (BOOK THREE). By William Carlos Williams. New York: New Directions. Unpaged. $3.

By William Van O'Connor

THOSE who raised questions about the nature or direction of the thematic lines running through "Paterson," the widely acclaimed long poem by William Carlos Williams, have now a partial answer. For the jacket of "Paterson III" Williams has written this: "The brunt of the four books of 'Paterson' (of which this is the third, 'The Library') is a search for the redeeming language. . . ." And the final book "will show the perverse confusions that come of a failure to untangle the language and make it our own. . . . The poet alone in this world holds the key to [our] final rescue." To say that the poet through his language, his discovery of significant and beautiful forms, can redeem and transform the instinct-ridden world of Paterson seems both an effort at self-justification and something more than a romantic gesture. The poet himself dominates the third book, becoming a part of the subject matter.

> I must find my meaning and lay it, white, beside the sliding water
>
> Let me out! (Well, go!) this rhetoric is real!

We do achieve our highest forms of humanity through language (two volumes of illustrations!). Poetry does make things happen. There is, however, a terrifying chasm between the inarticulate, sensate world Williams presents and the redeemed world he seems to believe possible through the grace of beautiful language.

Williams, who has spent his life as a doctor, asks if it is possible to separate the "stain of sense from the inert mass" or to find the "radiant gist" in the pitchblende. There can be no absolute answer, but if the final section has itself the grace of language of which Williams is capable and a large speculative range then "Paterson" may serve to whatever extent poetry can to help subtilize and purify our human understanding.

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by Helen Bevington

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The Woman from the Island

By Jeremy Ingalls

I CAME because I heard the uncles tell
And all the aunts agree the time had come.
The distant Malagasy had been told;
The MaiMai also, in the river valley;
And all the world that rose from Hawai-iki
And even those our cousins, the Maori;
And peoples of the temples and the Shans.
We had heard the calling to assembly
And turned to festival and coming home.

I came because I heard the fathers tell
And all the mothers say the time had come:
The Sulu and the Ifugao lay
Their knives together in a common tomb.
The Bantu and the Riff and Malinké
Have sworn their trumpets to a shepherd's call.
The stones to Rapa Nui speak again.
The sand-scarred pueblos wear the blue of God.
We turn toward festival and coming home.

We found us no way back by turning north,
By turning west, by poling toward the springs
Upstream of rivers where the deserts blow
And granite upthrust and the glacier fold
Lean new upon the fossil trace of meadows;
Now coming east and south so long, we wait
The brother-footstep on the fresh-turned fallows.
The wind said, "Lay all weapons by and come."
I search for festival, the time-way home.

These years I walk the world unguarded, wear
The clothes of every continent, sit down
To poor man's rice and candled evening meal.
Inquiring guest, my voice has found no room;
My presence, no existence. I am air
Pervading air, unheard, untouched, unseen.
Who told us, who and when, that we should come
From hill and island clearing and sit down
To one great festival and common home?

I heard this in the highlands of Sinkiang,
Along the Amazon and where the rains
Blow off Tehuantepec. Now having come,
I learn I speak unwelcomely a world
No world, is less than air, no habitation.
And one I met, a singer of the worlds
Who gave her hand to mine walks, too, a stranger,
Unheard or disregarded or reproached
For talking of our world as if it were.

Together facing toward no other road
Than last canoe across a wave-long sea,
The bearers of hard news we turn the prow
Again toward sunset. All the night relating
The song of Rata and the great tridacna,
Of Maui, wrestler with the Lord of Space,
Of Estsánatlehi in the turquoise West,
Of West King Mother in the far jade mountains,
We go, two exiles from both worlds at once,
Adrift between the rainbow and the dragon,
Bereft of festival and nowhere home.

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Small Events & Large

THE HEDGEROWS. By M. M. Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 71 pp. $1.50.

WE, BORNE ALONG. By Wilson Clough. Prairie City: The Decker Press. 53 pp. $2.

By SARA HENDERSON HAY

WALTER DE LA MARE has written the foreword to "The Hedgerows," a small volume of verse by an Englishwoman whose work will be new to most American readers. It is understandable that he liked it so well. M. M. Johnson is a poet of considerable charm and grace; these delicate, pastoral lyrics combine accuracy of observation with felicity of phrase. They are not large in scope nor particularly profound except in the sense that "infinity may be seen in a grain of sand" and that the minute carries implications of the great. Miss Johnson's poems lovingly record the small events of the garden and the countryside, the ways of flowers and birds, and she is the friend of children and animals and even of the toad "with the private gladness in his eye" and the spider "shaking out his shower of legs."

If occasionally her poems remind us a bit of Hardy and W. H. Davies and a less cryptic Emily Dickinson it is not that Miss Johnson is derivative so much as that she is merely speaking the same language. Like them, she has a gift for the vivid economical description of natural things: "a flock of pigeons glittering by" . . . "the rough-sweet scented clover bloom" . . . the cat that "down his back, sudden, licked out a shining track" . . . the parrot with his "fat gray hands and pallid cheek . . ."

Miss Johnson's poems do not touch on any tremendous themes or the problems of a wider and more troubled universe but we have other poets for that. In this small world, so well beloved and so attentively observed, her sympathy and perception imply a larger pity and understanding. Perhaps it is not of literal sheep and lambs she speaks when she says

In a strange pen the sheep and lambs
Were weeping all the night. . . .

I watched with them, I wept with them,
I saw their amber eyes
All bright with tears. I saw them lame,
I heard their shaking cries. . . .

Professor Clough's book, "We, Borne Along," is divided into three sections; "Of Wars," "Of Words," "Of Wyoming." I do not find the first section particularly distinguished. Although Professor Clough feels deeply and passionately about the waste, the futility, and the tragic recurrence of war, unfortunately he does not present these emotions in any very new or memorable way. He is eloquent and articulate in his poem "And All to Do Over?" but we have seen so many such listings of what war brings:

The "decisions made in the name of the people—" the people who have little to say, but much to endure;
. . . the many men mustered, herded, transported, in gangs, squads, batteries, regiments, armies; on trains, boats, trucks, in the air, but mostly plodding steadily afoot . . .
The profiteering, the sly, quite legal, puffy-faced men. . . .
The gold-braided names in the headlines. . . .
The commentators, facile, all-wise, with voices bland . . . .

and so on.

"Of Words" is for the most part less eloquent and more formally didactic, except for one poem about Carl Sandburg, which is regrettably self-conscious in its Sandburgian idiom. "Tiger on the Road," based on an excerpt from Robinson Jeffers's "Cassandra," has some fine lines, but he does not make his final refutation of Cassandra's statement quite clear.

The third section, "Of Wyoming," is more successful in transmitting to the reader (this reader, at any rate) the emotional impact of what the poet feels and sees. These, mostly in long free verse, are vivid impressions of that vivid and tremendously dramatic landscape—harsh, beautiful, unsubdued, and, as Professor Clough says, "tonic to think on."

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By Leslie Greener

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Rondo Capriccioso

In Defense of Modern Poets

By Alfred Kreymborg

YOUTH, farthest removed in the backward glance
Of a man reflecting on his ebbing age,
Moves forward as his mind is confronted by
Creative storms and battles of younger men
Rising, embracing their own impassioned light.
Fearful of being driven out of sight,
He is tempted to compete with what he's not
Lest his art prove old enough to rot.

These are bitter times for the poet who
Wastes his running breath on jealousies
Instead of chiming with the years he spent
Where love of life and art were free to grow.
Far from shearing that line from the young today,
It must be shared with them as a heritage
Which cannot betray his course at the end
By attacking songs his nature should defend.

If my fortune's due for a sharp decline
After all I've endured, I'll still rejoice
In voices other than mine, though puzzled by
Things which resemble things I once composed
Till critics thought my wits had run astray.
For I recall one had to rise against
Conservative rules or gods one had to face
With the odds greatly against my ardent race.

What after all is fame but a firefly
Who goes on and out, then on again
With the dark his cue and Death the curtain call
As sparks fly up the spout? And what is flame,
Uncertain flame but a nervous fellow who
Knows he has little time from hour to hour
To master himself and destiny as well
By scratching paper, paper endlessly?

Yet mark the capricious round of vain men
Who cannot resign the plague their youth began
To better or lesser men,—whose ague yearns
To mount the stage again and play false roles
To steal the show with their senility
Lest truth lay bare the burning fools they are,
Blowing their nasal horns like frantic geese
Making more noise than music—not for me!

The ground I started on is still my ground,
The sound I made a quiet tone today.
And rather than hound the world with all I was
Or tried to be or am and may become,
Give me some modest corner in a room
As Someone climbs the stair with a long broom
And reaching out, sweeps me out with the dust
Chanting the roundelay "Now Come, you must!"

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Poetry Notes

PICTURE POEMS, by Thad Stem, Jr. New Athenaeum Press. $2. There's a refreshing and informal atmosphere in Thad Stem's poems and occasionally splendid images and flashes of high lyric talent. Thad Stem, Jr., is a bit self-conscious and his bucolic manner seems a little studied, but for all that, and his rhetorical bluster, I enjoyed his poems as one should, without any strenuous effort. He is bard of nature and in "Fall Freshet" says:

Sweetgum Creek's got the bighead.
He's throwing his weight around over
Turtle Neck Fork and Nutbush Grove.

. . .

I could tell him about singing lads
Who lost a pocketful of sparkling pebbles
Trying to be an epic like a river.

His choice of images is often extravagant and sometimes inconsistent but here is a daring attempt that makes good in magic on "A Fall Night":

The moon goes home to his house over the hill
Yawning like a tired cat, dragging his tail
behind him like a tired, yellow cat.

There is much to praise in these poems for all of their rough edges, and Thad Stem, Jr., will bear listening as he gains more skill with the "penny whistle" he claims as his own as he wanders around the North Carolina hills and meadows.

THE UNCENSORED LETTER and Other Poems, by Mary F. Lindsley. Island Press. $2. Scholarship is not necessarily a poetic virtue but it often helps. It has in the case of Mary F. Lindsley because she holds the scholar under the thumb of the poet. To make living poetry out of history is a challenge that many poets accept but few gain the laurels. Rhymed annals are seldom as interesting as the prose narration of the facts unless there is another element injected. Mary Lindsley introduces a contemporary mood among her classical and medieval subjects. She uses informal and conversational language, somewhat in the manner of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford."

I found the title poem less interesting than the several shorter historical poems but the choice is personal rather than technical. "The Uncensored Letter" deals with the Reformation Period in Germany, and I found it a little difficult to overhear what was being said. The poems "Marcellus" and "Crusader at Fort Tryon" caught and held my interest and sympathy because of well-drawn characters and fascinating situations. The poet has a strong command of pentameter blank verse. The shorter lyrics are well turned, especially "Spartan Parents," which reveals a mother's attitude toward statism when it claims her son at a tender age. There is a brief introduction by Dr. Joseph J. Reilly, of Hunter College, where Miss Lindsley is on the teaching staff of the English Department.

MISS HATTIE'S HOUSE, A Long Island Story in Verse. Brochure by Francis Hartman Markoe. Shelmar Editions, Water Mill, L. I. $2. The long, narrative poem has a difficult time in gaining an audience in our crowded day and Miss Hattie, a sterling, tragic figure of recent Long Island folklore, deserves a respectful audience. We are warned by the poet that the story is fictional but we are equally certain that she is no figment of his imagination even if the indefinite secondary characters are not sharply etched. Miss Hattie is cheated of her minister sweetheart by typhoid and when she houses a vagrant but lovable family which engages in the amoral and illegal business of rum-running her brothers drive them away and destroy her only solace.

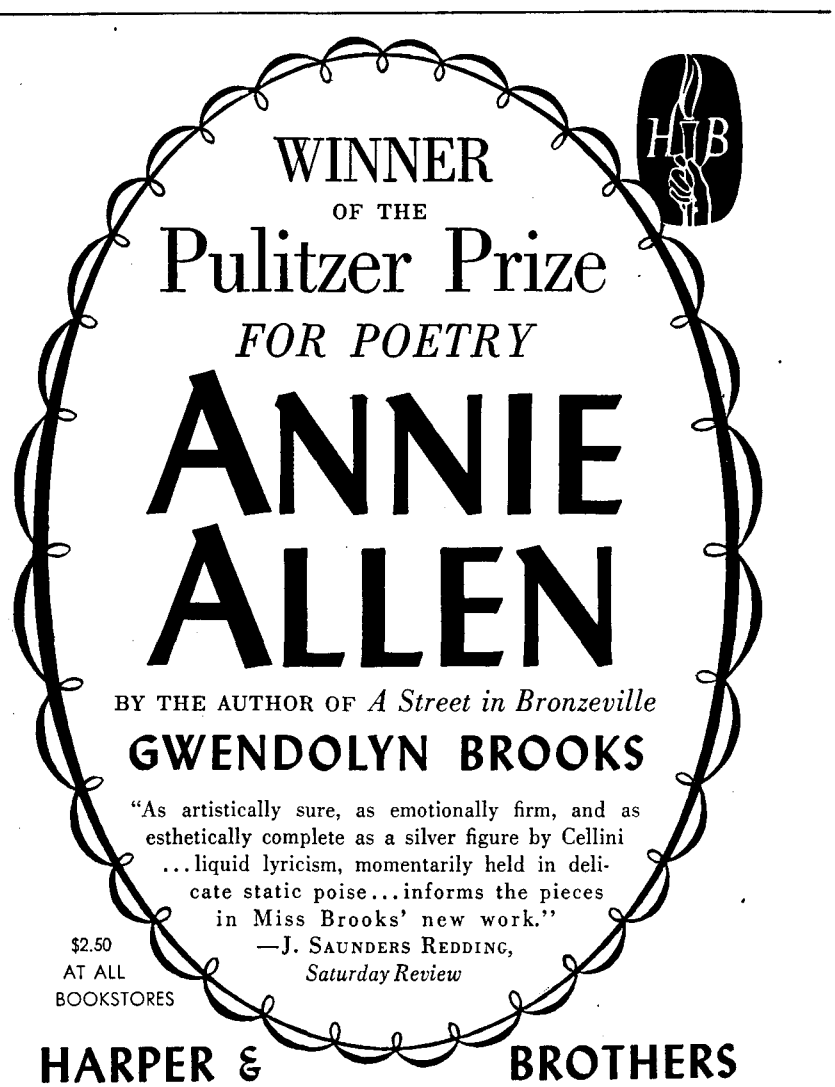
The technique of the poet is often enterprising and at times out of bounds. Mr. Markoe introduces some strange and pedantic phrases and epithets, such as "noumenal blether" and "orant shape." The rhyming is facile and the narrative swift-flowing. Some of the lines break down into prosy statement and there is an occasional intrusion by the author to offer a political or social opinion. Several of Mr. Markoe's figures are interesting, especially "the square wheels of Justice." Now and then is an arresting and dramatic line:

She heard the twelfth step give its well-known creak.

The quality of the versification and general poetic level rises in the later portion of the story.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Sheridan Whiteside. 2. Isabel Vane. 3. Rosemary Murphy. 4. Wilkins Micawber. 5. Anna Karenina. 6. Lear. 7. Trilby. 8. Ellie May. 9. Rima. 10. Scheherazade. 11. Cerberus. 12. Olga Treskovna. 13. Tony Weller. 14. Tom Canty. SCOTCH NOVELIST: Sir Walter Scott.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THE SPOKEN WORD ON RECORDS

TITLE, AUTHOR, AVAILABILITY.	ENGINEERING *Recording information*	CONTENT *Poetic effectiveness, delivery.*
LONDON LIBRARY OF RECORDED ENGLISH. Readings from 25 poets, including Keats, Burns, Housman, Browning, Masefield, Hodgson, Hardy, Davies. Readers: James Stephens, Dylan Thomas, V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, and others. Book 1: Lyrics (6-12", 78 rpm). Book 2: Narrative Poetry (6, 78 rpm).	New-style, wide-range recording on standard records, done in rather live hall—nice effect. Closeness varies; some readers a bit "off-mike." Distortion low, intelligibility high. Some hiss. Needle must be moved after each recorded band. (Un. Programs Ltd., Ebury Studios, 228 Ebury St., London S.W. 1)	Unusually natural, communicative reading, at ease, done with obvious pleasure minimizing mike obstruction. British accents not obtrusive; some conscious dialect. Book 1 mostly 19th century. Book 2 from early ballads to Masefield; good college-level selection. More to follow.
TWENTIETH-CENTURY POETRY IN ENGLISH (read by the authors). (5 vols.) Vol. 1: Chapin, M. Van Doren, Auden, Eberhart, Bogan. Vol. 2: Engle M. Moore, Tate, Fletcher, Brinnin. Vol. 3: T. S. Eliot. Vol. 4: Williams, Warren, Cummings, Jeffers, Spencer. Vol. 5: Ransom, Meredith, Winters, Jarrell, Shapiro. (5 records per volume, available singly. See cat., Recording Lab., Div. of Music, Library of Congress. 78 rpm only.)	Made 1944-49 in various places, these are very substandard in technical quality, many of them grossly distorted, all limited in total range, making the listening unnecessarily hard, obscuring the poets' projected personality. Women's voices are best. Eberhart, Bogan, Chapin noticeably better recorded than others. This is prewar technique of amateurish sort—the Library should convert to tape and LP!	This accumulated series, issued all at once, is notable for Eliot's complete "Waste Land," "Ash Wednesday"; other poetic high points: Auden's "Musée des Beaux Arts," Eberhart's "Groundhog," Tate's "Ode to Confederate Dead," Cummings's "My Father," Shapiro's "Elegy." Poets make so-so readers. Best here: Eliot, Auden, Eberhart, Chapin, Bogan, Brinnin, Spencer, Tate — though poor recording interferes.
"PLEASURE DOME," Ed. Lloyd Frankenberg. Readings by Eliot, M. Moore, Cummings, Williams, Nash, Auden, Thomas, Bishop. Columbia LP: ML 4259 (also in 78 rpm album)	Wide range, tape-recorded (except Eliot). These are excellent, like London's above, minus surface noise in LP version; far superior to Lib. of Congress recordings. Prevailing slight nervousness suggests unideal recording situation.	(Practically no duplication of above.) Mostly short works, tied to short 78 rpm records. High points, poetry and reading, are D. Thomas and M. Moore. Nash will sell the record. Williams and Bishop are vocally flat realists.
HARVARD VOCARIUM SERIES—Recent additions. (Catalogue from Bus. Mgr., Harvard Univ. Library, Cambrdige, Mass.)	The Harvard Vocarium was taken over by the Harvard Library and is continuing. Records are still 78 rpm standard type. Improvement over poor earlier quality but still not up to now-standard high quality of tape recording. The Vocarium should "convert" to tape and LP too. *Partial list of additions:* ELIOT: "Prufrock," "Agon," "Song for Simeon," "Diffs. of Statesman" (3). MACLEISH: Excerpts from "Conquistador," "You, Andrew Marvell," "Ars Poetica," "Not Marble," etc. (3). SPENDER: "Return to Vienna," "The Double Shame," etc. (all postwar) (2). E. J. PRATT: 'The Shark," "Sea Gulls," excerpts from "Brebeuf and His Brethren" (2). ROETHKE: "The Long Alley," "The Shape of the Fire." Voices: Pratt has Scotch-like clarity, Roethke underplays staccato lines; MacLeish orates; Spender's British diction is beautiful, reserved; Eliot is unfailingly dramatic, as always.	
T. S. ELIOT: "THE COCKTAIL PARTY." Original New York cast. Alec Guinness, Cathleen Nesbit, Robert Flemyng, Eileen Peel, Irene Worth, Ernest Clark, Grey Blake. Decca LP: DX-100 (2 LP's in album).	Splendid wide-range tape recording—beautiful demonstration of "unlimited" length of play on LP giving new sense of continuity and realism. No feeling of hurry, complete ease of comprehension, forgetfulness of the phonograph.	The whole play virtually as on Broadway. Astonishing sense of wholeness, direct communication, in this new LP form. Not verse—but Eliot philosophy, images expand in dramatic medium; much of it rings as dramatic poetry.
SHAKESPEARE: "KING LEAR" (connected excerpts). Brattle Theatre Co. Wm. Devlin as Lear; Thayer David, Joan Croydon, Jan Ferrand, Leslie Paul. Music by Ellen Bower. (1-12" LP). (Brattle Recordings, 40 Brattle St., Cambridge 38, Mass.)	What the large company can do, so can the small—with LP. This is first-quality tape recording, about equal to "Cocktail" above, wide range, distortion-free. Slight room echo, some over-high levels. Convincing dubbed-in tempest.	Not the whole but a well-edited, continuous selection, again showing inestimable advantage of LP length-of-play. Devlin is melodramatic Lear—no more so than Lear himself. Minimum music, sound-effect interference.

—JOHN HOLMES, EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Possibilities Immense

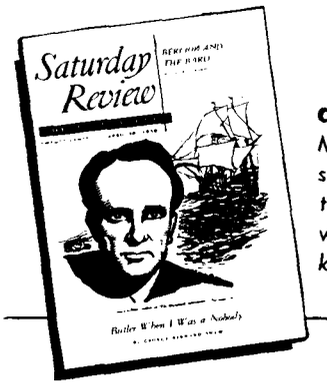
THE COLUMNS opposite are the result of collaboration between John Holmes, poet, of Tufts College, and myself. Space has not allowed us to evaluate each new recording; instead, we have tried to survey the field of poetry recording since the war, set the track, so that interested readers may follow up details as they wish. Rather than assign the technical aspects to one of us and the poetic content to the other we have worked together on both, though I defer to Mr. Holmes on questions of poetic effectiveness as he defers to me on matters of frequency range and the like.

Most of the familiar poetry recordings were made before the war and it was not until recently that much new was undertaken. Enormous technical changes had taken place in the decade. But within two years a far more fundamental revolution in recording has spread with stunning speed through the larger musical areas of recording. As yet it has scarcely touched those outer quiet waters of academe and muse to which this Poetry Issue of *SRL* is dedicated. The letters LP, already household familiars in the musical world, may now mean little to lovers of poetry and drama. But the one-hour record is here and the cost is incredibly low.

We are, then, at a significant dividing stage in the recording of the spoken word. The possibilities are perfectly immense, unprecedented—and almost untested. An utterly new medium is at hand. The two plays here listed and the "Pleasure Dome" anthology are, at this moment, in the van of what must inevitably be a flood to come of the new Long Playing records, taken down from life with astonishing ease via LP's co-revolutionary, the newly developed magnetic tape recording. If this column has any message, it is to urge on all poets, upon educators, publishers, entrepreneurs, lecturers, the extraordinary values of these new media and their sensational cheapness, which, in practical terms, means their practicability in heretofore unthinkable areas. Let me be briefly specific.

Magnetic tape replaces the traditionally cantankerous short-termed disc recorder with a fool-proof automaton that may run unattended for an hour. And LP records made directly from tape cost fabulously little. The smaller the enterprise the more favorable eem the economics! Players? Virtually all phonographs now being made will play them. Attachments, of course, can be had for under $10. Enough said?

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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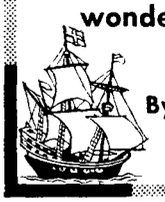

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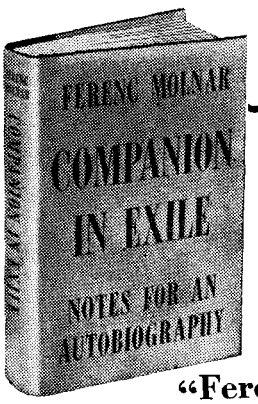

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Connahaney Land

By James Pipes

Time Rocks in a Hickory Chair

TIME rocks in a hickory chair
with the legs worn off
to the first round.
Time spins wheels along Black Dog Trail,
floats in duck pants along Blue River.
Time is a history-scalper
holding big monologue
with a tear-stained handkerchief.

Time rocks a root-hog-or-die rock:

Hope Joy gambles spring for fall
and a middling of meat;
Whip Powell contracts pair of slim years
for pumpkin cuttings and wool pickings;
Dollie Big-Walker trades raw land
for long row skeleton horses;
Tate Brady merchandises Iron Mountain sunrise
for grease lamps with braided rag wicks;
Cleve Push boosts sunflowers and grass
to slat bonnets and high-topped boots;
Armis Whale watches arm come out of cloud
pointing to the Promised City;
Bird Ashton offers bed with no springs
for a calendar without numbers;
Hooley Bell stares at fine water and good grass
telling glowing tales of wonderful land;
Long Bailey, Falling John, Cherokee Sells,
Green Yeargin, Marian Yates, Shub Locke
follow lush trace of green promise
made by a trumpet vine.

Time rocks in a hickory chair
with the legs worn off
to the first round. . . .

Tar-Paper Blackboard

AN OLD treadmill run by ox power
grinds seeds of a town:
one store, a post office, blacksmith
shop, wagon yard,
where six families thought of stars
made of tin-foil.

Tar-paper blackboard in schoolhouse
pictures shaky-word promises riding
wagon wheels:

My man just got a roving spell
and came to the land.

My man took his cap and ball rifle
and hunted his way to here.

We both liked land
with plenty of gun-distance.

We both had the going-fever.

On tar-paper blackboards wheels
never ask questions,
wheels only trace answers.

Indian Schools (1890)

BRASS buttons and blued carbines
issue
instructions to Indian Agents regarding
Inculcation of Patriotism in Indian
schools
Washington's Birthday, Arbor Day,
Wildwest Shows, and Manner of Issuing Beef.

In Indian schools bronze fingers
weave patterns in Payson Penmanship;
recreate Thunderbird's victories
with Prang's Drawing System.
In Indian schools Sac-Fox feet
trail Memory Gems from Cheerful
Echoes;
reconstruct Warclub dances
with McGuffey's Eclectic Reader.
In Indian schools Comanche tongues
sample Robinson Crusoe Words in One
Syllable;
reassemble Longlance tales
with Primer of Politeness.

In Indian schools Delaware eyes
contemplate Strong Bodies for Boys
and Girls;
remember Deerstride's walk
with Gow's Geography.

In Indian schools. . . .

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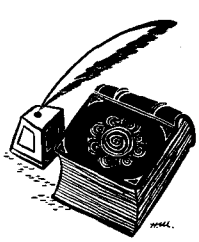
Four Sonnets

By Mark Van Doren

None but Death

HOW WAS it when he knew that none but Death
Had come for none but him? He of all men,
He must have been the most unready. Then,
There was this stranger. Oh, it takes our breath,
Thinking of his that stopped. The preacher saith,
Prepare. But how was he to die again
Who never once had dreamed it—even when
The burden grew that every man downlayeth?

He bore the dark sky lightly. He looked out
As if from under happy leaves, in showers.
But a wild storm—he carried that about
All day upon his head; nor laughed at those
Like us who could not. Now the beaten rose
Lies flat. The man is dead. He was not ours.



He Loves Me

THAT God should love me is more wonderful
Than that I so imperfectly love him.
My reason is mortality, and dim
Senses; his—oh, insupportable—
Is that he sees me. Even when I pull
Dark thoughts about my head, each vein and limb
Delights him, though remembrance in him, grim
With my worst crimes, should prove me horrible.

And he has terrors that he can release
But when he looks he loves me; which is why
I wonder; and my wonder must increase
Till more of it shall slay me. Yet I live,
I live; and he has never ceased to give
This glance at me that sweetens the whole sky.

Equal to Equal

COURTESY was born among the stars.
They were the first to sing as love looked down
On morning's chaos, heaving. Still the frown
Of fear on every face, and rumored wars
Of thunder between worlds. So love in tears
Sat looking. But creation did not drown
Like death in its own silence—oh, that sound
At silver sunrise, east among the stars.

Nor were the dark ones modest. Great and small,
They sang alike, each one of them more proud
For knowing each was master, and could call,
Equal to equal, across heaven's waste.
And yet it was no desert if they faced
Due inwardly and smiled, and sometimes bowed.

Leaves

PAST even wondrous flowers—past white and red,
Past the streaked poison petal, strange of name,
Past cups and hanging bells, past wild or tame
Sun-yellow, past bright blue that goes to bed—
Past all these with whom delight has wed
Since the first dawn moved any to exclaim,
Earth's kingdom loves its leaves, that are the same
Green ever as forever they are fed.

The king himself loves leaves; see how he thrusts
His hoary head among them—heart-shaped things
He fills and fills; for all their veins are his.
See how his breath sleeps in these delicate wings
That never fly away as summer dusts
And dews find out the only world that is.

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Seagulls

By Eric Wilson Barker

NOT my favorite birds except in flight,
these wrangling seagulls shredding a ragged bone
flung on the dock by the ship's cook.
He grins and spits over the rail:—
"Look at them hungry bastards fight!"

John Milton, whom death had left alone
when Edward King forsook their shrill-voiced headlands
and the long gray coast, saw them
blown seaward through the driven spray,
"a gust of rugged wings"
subsiding in the wind's wild heart,
poised on the misty torrent of the gale.

Blown from the Isle of Dogs, these salty wings
seen through gray windows of his dingy room,
might have roused Chatterton from his dream of doom,
cutting the clogging nets of misery
that London meshed about him night and day.

Despairing boy, you might have smelled the sea!
You might have heard it beating at the door,
flung window open to its voice and wing
in your poor room, however you were poor!
Escape cried in the air, it shook the land,
but not that tightly-stoppered in your hand!

There would have come a time, these might have said,
lighting a thought like fire within your brain,
but not in such boy's anguish, while that head
so pitifully young, had such a world to gain . . . .
But these had never been your thoughts that day—
there was but dirty London, mean and gray,
the grayest richest city in the land,
killing its genius with a meager hand . . . .

Tear your stale meat like vultures on the dock,
beloved birds whose element was once my own.
Far out with your wild cries, beyond the heave and moan
that penetrates the wistful heart of sleep,
I lift again strange islands from the deep,
I walk the untrodden sand
and drink the laughter bubbling from the stone.

Rejuvenation

A Ballad for Dancers in May

By Alfred Kreymborg

THE sun is out for you and so am I,
O children of Life swarming over the hill
Like flowers, flowers—Degenerate war is dead.

Sun's in your hair; the sun and you are one
Heart and body dancing on every street.
And there is nothing more for Love to dread.

And who shall say all this has been said before?
Clout him over the head or between the eyes
With a wild rose! Let him see blinking stars
Or, in one wink, the end of eternal Mars.

Though it almost makes me cry to see you spill
Such careless joy and rapture everywhere,
Sun's in the earth, earth in the sun today,
And between these two no peace can pass away!

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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
TOSCANINI COMMEMORATIVE		
MOZART: SYMPHONY #35 ("HAFFNER"). HAYDN: SYMPHONY #101 ("CLOCK"). NBC Symphony Orchestra, Toscanini. RCA Victor LP: LM 1038* (Separately in other speeds)	Incredible, after all these years, that we should get a new dose of the famous "8H" - type sound — but here it is, dead as ever. The Mozart-Haydn record sounds as though played in padded closet; orchestra sounds small, featureless, tympani tinny as a child's toy drum. Recording level low throughout, dynamics compressed, bass attenuated. A very poor recording any way you listen. "Manfred," "Eroica" were supposedly done in Carnegie Hall—if so, a fine illustration of what mike placement can do: both better than above (partly due to flowing music, hiding deadness), but both are still far too dead, "off-mike," lacking in bass (even with boost). Limiter circuit (?) makes hash of percussive passages in "Manfred." Compare with Columbia recordings done in Carnegie. Altogether, disappointing records. Why? (See *SRL* Apr. 29, p. 55.)	Recording aside, these two are beautifully, if tensely, done, with clarity and drama. But Reiner's LP "Haffner" is remarkably similar in style; Ansermet's LP "Clock" is warmer if less precise—both in much superior recordings.
TCHAIKOVSKY: "MANFRED" (Symphonic Poem). NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor LP: LM 1037*		Tchaikovsky, esp. in his bombastic moments as here, benefits greatly from Toscanini—who can pull together a loose work and make it sing as no other conductor. Outer mvts. for Tchaikovsky fans only; middle mvt. should please anyone.
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #3 ("EROICA"). NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor LP: LM 1042*		Relative technical improvement over old Toscanini version makes the famous interpretation more accessible. Good complement to Walter's—this is cleaner, thinner, more intense, lacking in human warmth of Walter, but ultra-clear in significant inner detail.
BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES		
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #7. Boston Symphony, Munch. RCA Victor LP: LM 1034*	As different from the above as black & white—this one is superb. Famous big Boston liveness, with added wide tonal range (tape). Echo sometimes confuses details—better this than corpse-like clarity!	A most satisfactory Seventh. Munch has already tempered the heavy-set solidity of Koussevitzky's orchestra; a new aliveness here, on solid, Beethovenian tonal base. Slight roughnesses, not important.
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY #5. New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia LP: ML 4297*	This was doubtless done in Carnegie Hall—compare with Toscanini above. The Fifth has roared helplessly and fuzzily from a million phonographs — this record at least gets down all the loud parts without distortion, with natural "hall" sound, wide range. Good.	A surprisingly heavy-set job for Walter; inner movts. unusually slow, over-all sound on massive side. I'd call it least successful of current Walter Beethovens—but the Fifth never sounds right on records, nor ever will. It needs real-life, two-eared hearing to make sense.
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONIES #1 and #8. Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Mengelberg. Capitol LP: P-8079	Here is that strange, late-Mengelberg recording again, ultraclear, with the gorgeous distant winds, the close-up, string-quartetlike violins. Remarkable but unnatural perspective. Top quality, wide-range recording. Slight hiss.	The Mengelberg reissues include many of this vintage, with its curious sound (left), its strong-minded, eccentric interpretations. Both of these worth long study. But arbitrary phrasings, rubatos, driving hardness will annoy.
MENGELBERG CONDUCTS. (Brahms: "Tragic" Ov.; Schubert: "Rosamunde" Ov.; Beethoven; "Prometheus" Ov., Allegro, Finale.) Amst. Concertgebouw. Capitol LP: P-8078*	Mixture of items — the Brahms, Beethoven are fine jobs, the Schubert unnatural, with those close strings, distant winds. All are wide range.	Potpourri. I find the Brahms superb, the "Rosamunde" dreadful. Beethoven items include the theme of last mvt. of "Eroica," in earlier version. Most interesting. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

*Choice of speeds.

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FOOTLOOSE IN CANADA*

In the Dominion

CANADA'S people can rattle around in the expanse of Canada's land like a peacetime private lost in the Pentagon. The Dominion has a land area of three and a half million square miles, which is the same size as the United States if you count California, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, Oregon, and Washington twice. Canada's population is thirteen and a half million, about the same number of people who live in the state of New York.

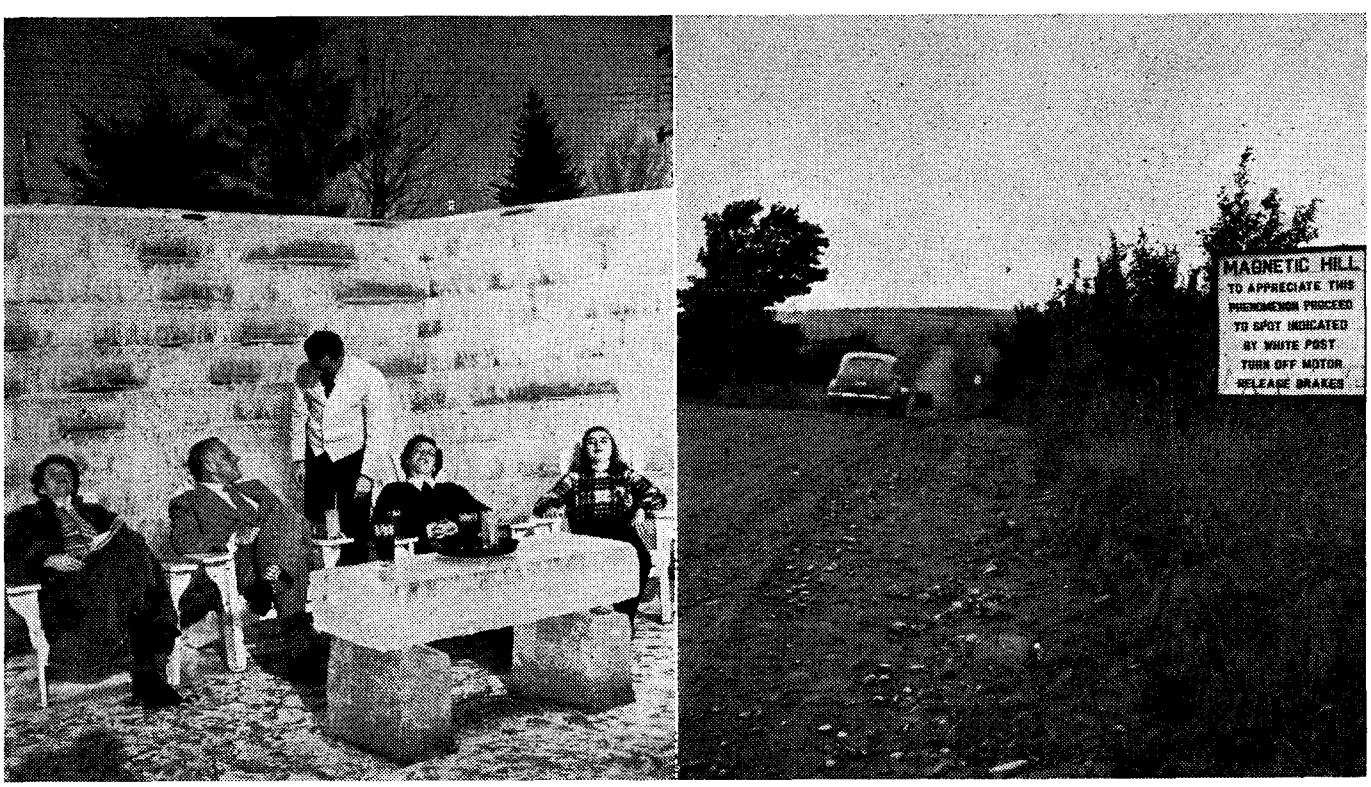
Officially, Canada is a self-governing dominion nation within the British Commonwealth. It is independent with reservations, dependent with modifications. Slowly it is assuming a lukewarm nationalism of its own. Although the country is still favored with the presence of a Governor General who represents the Crown, Canadians make their own laws, sign their own treaties, send out their own ambassadors. They do not speak with a British accent, and generally don't know a tuppence from Tipperary about the Empire.

Out of hidebound tradition, however, Canadians will close a Saturday night dance at the Château Laurier Hotel in Ottawa, or a Monday luncheon of the Kiwanis in Edmonton, with a thumping chorus of "God Save the King." From Britain, too, Canadians have inherited a propensity for tea, a disposition to say wicket when we would say ticket window. A few holdouts still say shedule for skedule when they mean schedule. Alphabet reciters say zed for zee. A bottle of liquor is a "crock," a small bottle of liquor is a "mickey," and a party is a "do." Canadians like to go "oot" and "aboot." Cricket games flourish on sunny summer afternoons in Vancouver, citizens bowl on the green in Victoria and Montreal, and in Winnipeg and Calgary the cops dress like London bobbies.

Canada's thirteen and a half million, if you can classify a people, are for the most part thoroughly circumspect, fervently pious, and archly conservative. On Sundays Canadian cities show no more signs of life than a week-old cadaver. There are only two Sunday newspapers in the whole country. There are virtually no Sunday ball games. Clergymen have been known to invade Toronto's railroad station on a Sunday morning and render an admonition about church attendance to skiers on their way to the hills. American advertisements destined for Montreal billboards often have to be dressed up before the citizenry will let them appear. Until a short time ago to get liquor on Prince Edward Island you had to have a doctor's prescription. There are still only two provinces which permit cocktail bars and then only in selected cities. Otherwise the people—and the tourists—can buy liquor in stores supervised by the provincial governments. In many provinces that goes for beer as well. Whiskey consigned to Canada from British distilleries is diluted more than the spirits shipped to the United States. What's more the Canadian whiskey bottle is a smaller vessel than the American fifth.

IN AN appraisal of America written by an Englishman for a Canadian magazine recently the United States was scored as a nation of hypocrites because the visitor found a Gideon Bible and a bottle opener in every hotel room. This might be as good a place as any to say that in virtually every Canadian hotel in which I stayed, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, I also found a Gideon Bible

*"FOOTLOOSE IN CANADA" has been excerpted from the book of the same name by Horace Sutton, to be published by Rinehart May 25, 1950.



—Horace Sutton photos from the book.

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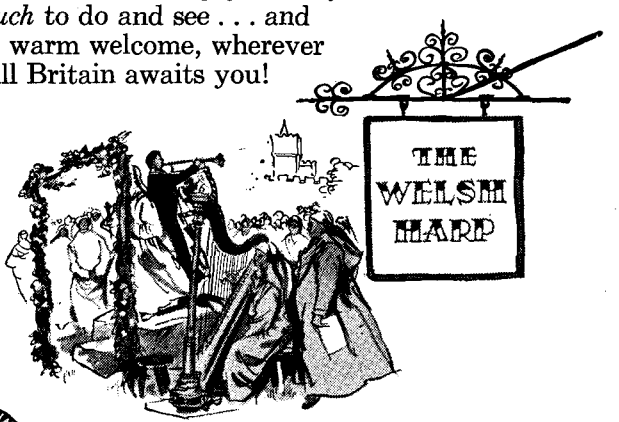

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and a bottle opener. The only exception was the hotel in Prince Rupert near the Alaskan border, where I found two bottle openers—and no Bible.

Nova Scotia

Of the three Maritimes, Nova Scotia is the richest, saltiest, and most populous. Except for a narrow neck of land which joins it to the mainland it is surrounded by sea. In the last thirty-five years every world record catch for blue fin tuna except two have been made in Nova Scotia waters. Because Nova Scotia is the most easterly province in Canada it was the first to feel the restless feet of the European explorers and so today it is the richest in history. John Cabot planted the English flag on Nova Scotia five years after Columbus sighted America. No Rand McNally, Cabot thought he had landed on the Eastern coast of Asia.

By 1624 the New World had a New Spain, a New England, and a New France. That year King James I established an order of baronets to help colonize Nova Scotia—New Scotland. Meanwhile, on the same peninsula the French were building a rich colony of their own known as Acadia.

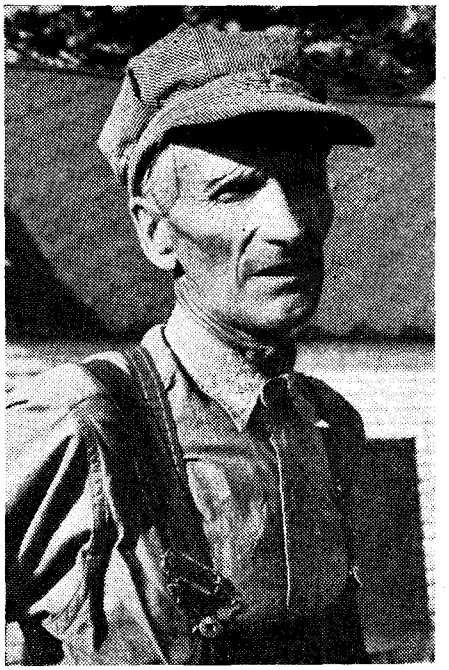
As if things weren't complicated enough, the first Scottish and French settlers found Nova Scotia inhabited by a tribe of Micmacs, whose customs were at a rather wide variance with those of the Europeans. The local Indians accomplished the disquieting habit of tying their hair up in back like a schoolmarm and painting up their faces like an over-age burlesque queen. They ate only boiled meat, which they heated by dropping hot stones into the stew pot. Micmac time was counted by nights. If a medicine man pronounced a brave incurable the unfortunate patient was wrapped in funeral robes, denied further food, and roundly doused with cold water by his mourning relatives. If the man died he was bound with his knees pushed up under his chin and buried in a round hole five feet deep. Micmacs kept supplies of fish oil in long lengths of bears' intestines which they used as a complexion cream; they let their women skin, clean, and cart home their game; they were sun worshipers; they never turned gray, never shaved, had perfect teeth.

Quebec

Quebec is a small city. It has less than 200,000 people, of whom 92 per cent are French and 97 per cent are Catholic. Priests in straw hats, priests in derbies, priests in flowing robes, brothers in flowing robes, and nuns representing hundreds of far-flung orders can be seen, two by two, all over town.

Sitting, as though embattled, on a promontory on the North bank of the St. Lawrence, Quebec is 150 miles from Montreal—an hour by air, four hours by train, and overnight by boat. The most impressive approach to Quebec is from Levis on the South bank of the St. Lawrence. Crossing on the ferry, the great Château Frontenac Hotel rises like a defiant castle of the French valley of the Loire, haughty and magnificent. Its register has been signed by King George V, Marshal Foch, the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales, King George VI, and Queen Elizabeth, who were feted there in the grand ballroom May 17, 1939; also the King and Queen of Siam, Juliana of the Netherlands, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and Alexander of Tunis before he became Governor General.

To the mammoth halls of the great hotel also come the plain vacationers,



Stanhope ranchers nourish a forlorn hope that city femmes will again crave silver fox.

the housewives, the schoolteachers, the school kids, the planned-tour members, the merchants, and the moguls. At night when one of the Canada Steamship Lines cruise ships has docked at the pier in lower town, the lobby is jammed with luggage and alive with guests.

At night there is dancing in the Jacques Cartier Room. Tea is served in the Champlain Room every afternoon, and in winter an ensemble decked out in knee breeches, buckle shoes, powdered wigs, and satin coats offers an eighteenth-century musicale. Somehow you sort of expect one of them to turn out to be Harpo Marx.

Ontario

Minaki, in Ontario, has, as well, a nine-hole golf course stretching from the main house, a swimming beach with a protected enclosure for children, boating, and tennis. It is a fifteen-minute walk across the golf course into the town, which includes the railroad station, a general store, and an outpost of the Hudson Bay Company. Ojibway Indians, a quiet folk with a bland history, sit around the station and the stores all day chewing bubble gum and licking ice cream cones. Some of the men affect gold earrings. The women still carry their papooses slung on their backs in trick, colorful rigs. Indians alone are permitted an unrestricted hunting season.

Most of what the Indian hits goes on sale in the Hudson's Bay Company. The Indians bring in their hides to outposts like the one in Minaki, where they establish accounts. They draw against their accounts as the urge

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moves them. In the Western Ontario winter the Ojibways and the Hudson's Bay Company are about all that keeps moving, but Arthur Figgures, the store manager, likes it fine. He just had himself transferred down to "civilization" after spending five years in the Arctic. "Takes too much out of a man's life up there," he explained.

But in summer Minaki and the Lake of the Woods are a fisherman's, golfer's, and loafer's paradise. There are August nights when the sun leaves a red tinge in the West, and along the rest of the horizon the sky reflects a pastel green. Then when it's dark the northern lights come up in brilliant flashing green—green aurora borealis—stabbing and retreating, like the light from a million rhinestones muffled behind a gossamer screen.

The West

For fifty years the Stony Indians from the reservation at Morley, halfway to Calgary, have been coming to Banff around the middle of July for an annual festival. In full war paint and magnificent costume the Stonys parade through town, stage a rodeo, exhibit their handicraft, and at night put on tribal songs and dances. Indian Days at Banff are the big show of the summer season.

When Holt Productions were on location at Banff, filming the epic "Canadian Pacific," some of the Stonys were hired as extras. The Indians donned their costumes and put on their war paint according to the method handed down to them through the generations. The Indians' idea of what an Indian's war paint should look like, however, didn't agree with the Hollywood version. Make-up experts were flown from the Coast to show the Indians how war paint should really be applied. The movie company also imported its own pine needles from Hollywood because the Banff variety crunched underfoot and spoiled the traditional silent tread of the Indian warriors.

Near Drumheller on Red Deer River (Western Canada can get plenty frontiersy), eighty-eight miles northeast of Calgary, sits Dinosaur Park, a weird petrified graveyard of a life at least fifty million years old. You'll find remains of a petrified forest, peculiar ravines, huge bones growing out of the earth, geologic formations known as ammonites and dolomites, even prehistoric oyster beds.

Alberta's Bad Lands date from the time when Canada's tourist province, a combination of prairie land and mountain, was a stewing mass of jungle and swamp, fanned by hot winds off the Pacific, inhabited by lumbering dinosaurs. What the scientists called the saurian dynasty lasted for something like 150 million years. The little patch of fossilized remains in Red Deer Valley in the middle of Alberta marks the period. Although unplanned it serves as a sort of time capsule, like the one they sank into the earth at the New York World's Fair. Anyway, it's relaxing. Nothing seems quite so important after a look at a 150-million-year-old bone from what was once probably a perfectly self-respecting, home-loving dinosaur with big ideas about the future.

—Horace Sutton.

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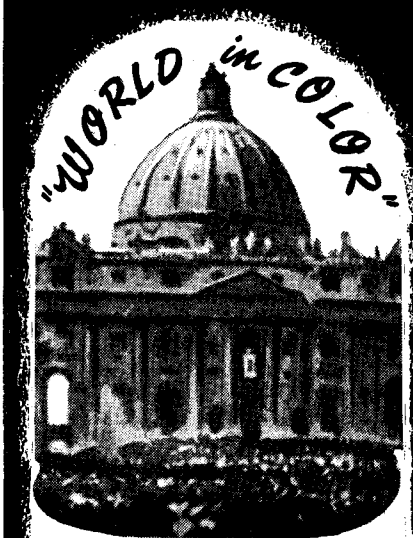

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WEAN JUNIOR AWAY from those shocker comics with a bound volume of St. Nicholas, wonderful reading, superbly illustrated. Re-live your own youth. Volume, hundreds of pages, $5.75 postpaid; 6 volumes, $30.; single issue, $2. Box 152-D.

FOR RENT: July, 4-room, beautifully furnished duplex apartment, Manhattan, to responsible persons. Box 108-C.

PERSONALS

"DICTIONARY PLEASE!" The game being played everywhere. Something not to be missed by all who enjoy topflight acrostics, anagrams, and crosswords. For descriptive literature, send postcard to: Eric G. Clarke & Co., P.O. Box 1931, Portland, Ore.

UNPRETENTIOUS COMFORT in the hills. Couples only. Paradise Valley Lodge, Box 2, Mt. Pocono, Pa.

TRAVEL MINDED? Young teacher seeks companion (female) share expenses low-cost European summer. Box 383-C.

BOOKSHOP FOR SALE: Well-established in growing suburban community, 38 miles from Boston. Excellent summer resort, in business 18 years under present ownership. Building containing shop in street floor, studio apartment suitable for 2, also for sale. Reasonable. Box 392-C.

WHAT HAVE YOU for this summer . . . anywhere? Co-ed, 24, 6 years' journalism, public relations, secretarial (music, radio, philosophy). Excellent with people all ages. Box 390-C.

MEXICO—editorial, publicity, photo, business, assignments executed. Box 380-C.

ADIRONDACKS—Small farm, remote, quiet. Own water, town electricity. 5-room log house, guest cabin, poultry house, many fruit and nut trees. 2 successful writers have lived here for 10 years and loved it. $10,000. Terms. Best, Fort Ann, N. Y.

MALE, young, intelligent, alert, hopes interested female will correspond. Box 333-C.

DON'T BUY ANOTHER BOOK until you consult our catalogues of unusual values. Save 25% to 80% on new books! Nothing to give away but the greatest dollar value and the very best service. Any book in print supplied. Standard sets, too. Write for details without delay. ALAN GARDNER, BOOK READERS' CIRCLE, 80 East 11 St., NYC 3.

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THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, this includes our catalogues. A penny postcard will embark you on a sea of bargains. There are still a few SRL subscribers we haven't heard from. H. H. EVANS, Books, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

FOR RENT: House on Cayuga Lake, $550 for season. Secluded though near store. All improvements, fruit, flowers. Suitable artist or author. Box 386-C.

SCHOLARLY PROFESSIONAL MAN would correspond with woman of exceptional intellect who rejects modern materialism. Box 400-C.

OWNER selling attractive home near Putney School, Vt.; and unusual house and acreage New Hampshire. Box 451-C.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 24-Aug. 11, 1950. Write for information.

EAST 80's Perhaps you want to own co-operative apartment NYC but despite good income, hesitate to invest in high cost property with difficult re-sale value. Here then is answer to your problem; a new type co-operative scheme—low initial cost, then pay as you go, each month reducing mortgage on choice apartment home. High floor, very sunny. 2 delightful terraces. 4½ rooms, radiant heat. 2 bed-rooms, 19' x 13', dressing-room, 2½ baths, 7 large closets. Living room 23' x 14', dinette, kitchen. M. A. Clark, Broker. 853 Seventh Ave., NYC. PLaza 7-2368.

SUMMER RENTAL — Berkshire Hills — spacious, attractively furnished home, 5 bed-rooms, 2 baths, beautiful view, pond, 150 acres. 20 minutes from Tanglewood. Box 499-C.

MAPLE SUGAR GOLD BRICKS were what the Indians used for money. THE MAPLE SUGAR BOOK tells the history. Half-pound Gold Brick sent free with each copy ordered from Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vt. 280 pages. $3.75 postpaid.

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A SECOND PRINTING of "Reading, Writing and Newspapers", so that we can fill all orders for the Special Issue of NIEMAN REPORTS. 60 pages (8x11) on the practical problems of newswriting by the 12 reporters and editors now Nieman Fellows at Harvard. Single copies, $1. 10 for $3. Ask for special price for larger orders. NIEMAN REPORTS, 44 Holyoke House, Cambridge 38, Mass.

ATTRACTIVE ROOM in charming Ardsley home. Private bath. Private entrance. View. Weekdays: NYC, LExington 2-4770. Evenings and weekends, Dobbs Ferry 3-3418.

MUSICIAN'S SPACIOUS APARTMENT summer rental, 20 minutes to Radio City. Reasonable. Box 469-C.

WOMAN, dictation, typing for philosophy and language departments. New England college near ocean. Beautiful country but only $1,800. Box 470-C.

GUITAR—Fingerstyle tuition. Beginners accepted. Write: Daniel Daniels, 109 Waverly Place, NYC 11.

FRENCH, LATIN TEACHER (male) alert, competent, adaptable, needs summer job. Consider anything. Frank Miller, Dolgeville, N. Y.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks light summer country position. Salary secondary. Can type. Box 473-C.

ARE YOU WILLING TO GIVE portable wheel chair to crippled French boy, to be taken by medical student. Leaves July 2. References. Box 475-C.

FOR RENT: Elegant waterfront property, Asharoken, L. I. Easy commuting. 200 foot private beach. Beautiful garden. Privacy. 5 bedrooms, 5 baths. Season, $2,500. Option to buy whole or 2 lots 100 feet each, $32,000 and $13,000. Turnure, Northport 1211.

LONESOME AUTHOR—traveler, explorer, radio and television writer, flyer, yachtsman, veteran, bored Princeton graduate, seeks correspondence with intelligent, imaginative gal. Box 477-C.

YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN seeks correspondence with cultured, amusing people. Box 478-C.

2 BOYS now off to school: our amiable, competent nurse with us 4 years wants another cuddly baby to bring up in NYC. Available Sept. 1. Box 479-C.

GRADUATE STUDENT, young lady, desires living space NYC, to $35. monthly. Box 480-C.

EXCHANGE APARTMENT, elegant 5 rooms, sundeck, Westwood, Los Angeles. Sept.-Dec., for small quiet East Side 60's-80's. Box 481-C.

EXPERIENCED TEACHER offers his services as summer companion, guide, chauffeur. Familiar with touring, boating, canoeing. Box 482-C.

INTELLIGENT, CHARMING FEMME, loves music, outdoors, humor, wishes correspondence with mature, interesting male. Box 483-C.

YOUNG LADY, educated, general interests, desires correspondence with intelligent, sincere males. Box 487-C.

WOMAN with full quota of imperfections and contradictions, would like to hear from men of maturity, experience and diverse sympathies. Box 488-C.

CULTURED BUSINESS WOMAN, congenial, invites correspondence from sincere older gentleman. Box 489-C.

APARTMENT IN MAINE, 4 large rooms, beautiful countryside, near river, bus line. $350. season. Rosamond Thaxter, Kittery Point, Me.

MIDDLE-AGED, YOUTHFUL GENTLEMAN, happy constructive philosophy, diversified interests, including metaphysics, related subjects, natural foods; music—nature-lover; invites correspondence middle-aged sincere gentleman. Box 491-C.

ENJOY WRITING LETTERS? Why not write me? Secretarial teacher, feminine. Box 492-C.

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER HOME, 5 bed-rooms, 2 baths, boat-bath house. Sunapee region. $400. Box 493-C.

HEARTHSIDE MISS with varied interests, seeks diverting correspondence with mature male. Box 494-C.

WOMAN, mature, interested children, art, psychology, the good earth will correspond with intelligent, courageous male of simple tastes. Box 521-C.

RESOURCEFUL EXPERIENCED GIRL awaits traveling job, domestic to executive, college graduate. Box 142, Wallingford, Conn.

COLLEGE GIRL desires position as companion, tutor during summer. Drives, types, athletic. Box 508-C.

EUROPEAN YOUNG MAN, Swiss commercial diploma, knows 6 languages, typing, shorthand, desires employment. Box 512-C.

PERSONALS

COLLEGE HONOR GRADUATE (Liberal Arts), brilliant, versatile, poor, 23, (mature) responsible, single, seeks remunerative employment enabling go graduate school. Box 513-C.

GENTLEMAN, versatile, would write intellectual lady, philosophic interests. Box 514-C.

CABINS—HOUSES—ESTATES, hill tops, waterside, farmlands, summer rentals for all purses. Rosamond Thaxter, Kittery Point, Me.

YOUNG MAN (24) available June 14 as tutor, companion, secretary. Free to travel. Box 515-C.

CONGENIAL, VERSATILE LADY seeks diverting correspondence from mature interesting gentleman. Box 516-C.

EX-PRISON CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR, writing background, wants employment that's creative or permits time for creative writing. Box 517-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, attractive, dynamic, wants interesting job. College graduate, imaginative, resourceful, practical, betraveled. Journalistic, teaching, programming, audio-visual, publicity experience. Box 518-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, B.A. Philosophy, short-hand, typing, traveled Europe, U. S., Canada, seeks job in NYC bookstore or summer employment on farm. Box 503-C.

AM PREPARING a monograph with catalogue raisonné on Kadinsky. Would appreciate correspondence with persons or museums possessing his works or letters, and with those who knew or studied with him. Box 504-C.

PROFESSOR AND FAMILY seek place near water for summer season. Box 506-C.

LONELY YOUNG MAN, enjoying Canasta, swimming, dancing, travel, etc. would hear from understanding, lonely young girl offering intelligence, character, individuality, rather than glamor or good looks. Box 523-C.

YOUNG MALE would like correspondence regarding religious experience. Box 524-C.

JOURNALIST GRADUATING IN JUNE seeks intellectual work. What have you? Box 526-C.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLMASTER desires non-acting position in summer theatre; young, no experience but anxious to learn all possible about stage technique. Box 527-C.

ENGLISH COUPLE, University instructor, U. S., B.A. Oxford, require summer work tutoring, summer camps, etc. Box 528-C.

WRITER WILL PAY $100 to woman who successfully reared illegitimate child to school age if her story meets national magazine requirements. Write full details to Box 520-C (anonymously if preferred).

EDITOR AVAILABLE: Fast, accurate, informed. Extensive background news, information. Rewrite, ghosting, condensing. Stable, long-term position wanted. Box 500-C.

USE IDLE, pleasant Manhattan apartment daytimes. Regent 4-1106 or Box 532-C.

WORTH INVESTIGATING! Girl, share R.N.'s NYC apartment. $14. Box 53-K.

MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTOR and wife need small reasonable apartment preferably Manhattan. June through Aug. Smigel, 1603 East 3 St., Bloomington, Ind.

DO YOU WANT comfortable summer June through Sept. or part of it in Manhattan? 9 rooms, 3 baths, 8 windows on river, 3 exposures. Excellent cook available. Statutory rent or less. Impeccable references required. Write Box 543-C.

ATTRACTIVE OLD COTTAGE, Hadlyme, Conn. Completely furnished. $100 monthly May through Oct. Box 534-C.

ARTIST, male, young, seeks congenial companion to tour Europe leisurely. 50-50 basis. Box 535-C.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, philosophical and understanding, likes out-of-doors, home life, arts and travel, would correspond with mature gentleman. Box 536-C.

FRENCH NATIVE TEACHER, Parisienne, seeks position summer, governess, companion. Box 540-C.

MALE WRITER stuck for funds to finish novel. Seeks no Maecanas, but interesting full or part-time work. Box 529-C.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY, man, 24, wishes travel Europe, France, this summer. Everything considered. Box 531-C.

PERSONALS

YOUNG ARTISTIC LADY desires correspondence from professional or business gentleman. Box 495-C.

WEEKENDS: Beautiful Ulster County farmstead, room, kitchen facilities, library, $5. person. Box 496-C.

40 HEAVENLY ACRES and 8-room California ranch style house on Monterey Coast near Carmel, Calif. 3,700 foot beach frontage, spectacular views. 2-wing house has 23 x 38 living-room, huge stone fireplace; 5 bed-rooms, 2 baths, double garage. $39,500. Illustrated brochure 70232 will convince you. PREVIEWS, 49 East 53 St., NYC 22. PLaza 8-2630.

VACATIONS

DEUTSCH'S FARM, Canaan, N. Y. Comfort, good food, brook, record library, books. Heart of the Berkshires, near Tanglewood. Adults only. Open all year round.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, crafts, $45.

GOOD FOOD, fun, music (resident trio) swimming, tennis at HIGH POINT, New Marlboro, Mass.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL: 1,000 acre farm Green Mountains, brooks, Lucullan food. Brandon, Vt.

QUIET CAPE COD sea-port village. Agreeable beach-side inn. 50 people, writers, artists, thoughtful people. Beautiful harbor, view, cool. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Mass.

MOUNTAINS, SPRUCES, fine nature library, music, beds, food. $35. weekly. Allen, Dixville Notch, Colebrook, N. H.

BERMUDA ON A BUDGET. List of 82 fine private homes. $3 to $5. per day for room, breakfast, private bath, fireplace. Convenient to beaches, transportation. Send $1. Elizabeth Spear, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

LIVE LIKE EISENHOWER and CHURCHILL—paint to relax. Art center, Playhouse, resort hotel. Private beach. June 26. Highfield on Cape Cod, Falmouth, Mass.

MERRYMEETING-IN-MAINE "Oldentyme Tavern", Quaint Inn and cabins. Mountains, lakes, sea. Tally-Ho trips, sea cruises. Picture folder. Duane Doolittle, Camden, Me.

TIRED OF TOWN? Plan a real country vacation at APPLE-ROW on WITCHIC LAKE, Standish, Me. Spring-fed lake, well-fed horses and guests: Folder tells all, may we send you one?

ROLLING HILL FARM, Rangeley, Maine. Informal country summer for 6-9 year olds. 250 acre farm; warm, congenial atmosphere; out-door and creative activities; individual attention, experienced staff. Emil Caccavo, Boardman School, 6 East 82 St., NYC or phone ALgonquin 5-1857.

PRIVATE 60 ACRE wooded retreat. Allegheny's Western Maryland. Swimming pool. Excellent food. Always cool. Room, board, $40 per week. HEMLOCK HOLLOW, 407 Eugenie, Chicago.

SKY VALLEY RANCH gives you fine riding and fishing, good beds. Friendly, informal and small. Set in beautiful, quiet valley under the Continental Divide. Write for folder. William C. Mueller, Tabernash, Colo.

DAVID RANDOLPH and RANDOLPH SINGERS spending Decoration Day week-end at SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. High in the Green Mountains. Private swimming, sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. Adults only. Reasonable. Folder.

BERKSHIRES, cuisine francaise, informal, restful atmosphere. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMOUNT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING. West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

A SMALL HOMEY WESTERN RANCH? Write: The Patons, Shell, Wyoming.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 843

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Most renowned of family of organists, composer for the harpsichord (St. Gervais, Paris; 1668-1733).	42 20 55 82 24 166 184 102
B. Daughters of Atlas, nurses of Dionysus; in constellation Taurus.	19 168 22 103 179 73
C. Hooked.	134 26 180 58 49 11 161 110
D. English news agency, founded by German who in 1851 became a naturalized Briton.	123 32 165 5 40 181 96
E. Large edible marine fish allied to the cod, *Brosmius brosme* (pl.).	84 31 135 23 68
F. American poet, author with Bliss Carman of "Songs from Vagabondia" (1864-1900).	53 146 171 15 150
G. Of equal thickness; said of maps, charts.	87 10 27 72 101 112 140 50 147 100
H. Lying in wait for prey (zool.).	81 153 174 162 128 88 9 122
I. Insincere; shallow (comp.).	106 43 99 138 92 151 183
J. A slow-witted person (slang).	61 80 30 170 14 59 8 109 34 136 187
K. English poet, collaborator with Isherwood and MacNeice (1907-).	116 28 33 141 4
L. Heroine of Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii."	3 48 16 163
M. A link; a connected group or series.	7 70 41 186 108
N. Piping notes, as of certain small birds.	44 130 71 158 56
O. Daughter of Zeus and Themis and one of the Hours; also goddess of peace (Gr. myth.).	6 13 45 114 91
P. Leading whaling port of U.S., War of 1812 to about 1860.	126 175 86 127 95 17 154 176 63 107
Q. Greek physician long the authority in Greek, Roman, and Arabic practice; settled in Rome 164 A.D.	60 118 94 131 137
R. Last.	54 79 67 142 160 21 105 117 185
S. Sidetracked (railroading).	46 78 62 143 129 98 178
T. Gives or expresses one's concurrence.	2 39 148 149 29 97 164
U. Commonly thought or deemed.	1 65 77 120 47 156 144 85
V. Mild and gracious.	169 12 74 113 93 167 125
W. Title of "stories to be read while the candle burns" by H. C. Bunner, 1891 (2 wds.).	25 89 159 111 139 119 76 52 132 152
X. An expression of gratitude.	57 104 83 37 69 64
Y. Infringes or encroaches on.	66 173 115 75 38 182 121
Z. The receptacle into which food is taken by swallowing.	157 36 18
Z.[1] Wanting in manly strength or aggressiveness.	188 90 177 124 35 145 133 172 155 51

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 U	2 T	3 L	4 K	5 D	6 O	7 M	8 J		9 H	10 G			
11 C		12 V	13 O	14 J	15 F	16 L	17 P		18 Z	19 B	20 A		21 R	22 B	23 E	24 A				
25 W		26 C	27 G		28 K	29 T	30 J	31 E	32 D		33 K	34 J	35 Z[1]	36 Z	37 X	38 Y				
39 T		40 D	41 M	42 A	43 I	44 N	45 O	46 S		47 U	48 L		49 C	50 G		51 Z[1]				
52 W	53 F	54 R	55 A	56 N	57 X	58 C	59 J	60 Q		61 J	62 S	63 P	64 X	65 U	66 Y	67 R				
68 E		69 X	70 M	71 N	72 G	73 B		74 V	75 Y	76 W	77 U	78 S	79 R	80 J	81 H					
82 A	83 X	84 E	85 U		86 P	87 G	88 H	89 W		90 Z[1]	91 O	92 I	93 V	94 Q	95 P					
96 D	97 T	98 S	99 I	100 G		101 G	102 A	103 B		104 X	105 R	106 I	107 P	108 M		109 J				
110 C	111 W		112 G	113 V	114 O	115 Y	116 K	117 R		118 Q	119 W		120 U		121 Y	122 H				
123 D	124 Z[1]	125 V	126 P		127 P	128 H	129 S	130 N	131 Q	132 W	133 Z[1]		134 C	135 E		136 J				
137 Q	138 I		139 W	140 G	141 K		142 R	143 S	144 U	145 Z[1]	146 F	147 G	148 T		149 T	150 F				
151 I	152 W		153 H	154 P		155 Z[1]	156 U	157 Z	158 N		159 W	160 R		161 C	162 H	163 L				
	164 T	165 D	166 A	167 V	168 B		169 V	170 J	171 F	172 Z[1]	173 Y	174 H	175 P		176 P	177 Z[1]				
	178 S	179 B	180 C	181 D	182 Y	183 I	184 A	185 R	186 M	187 J	188 Z[1]									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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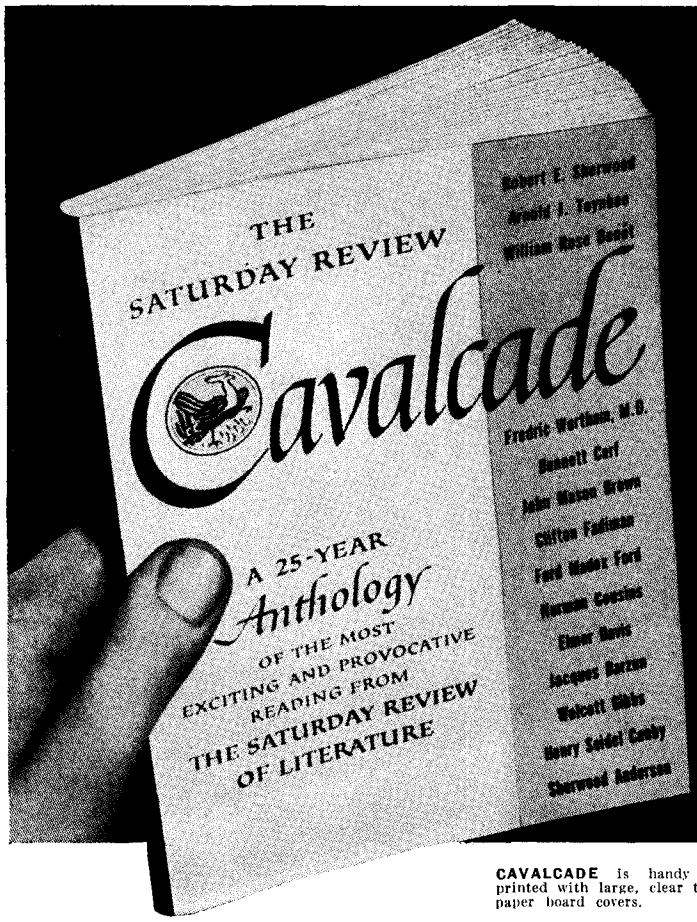

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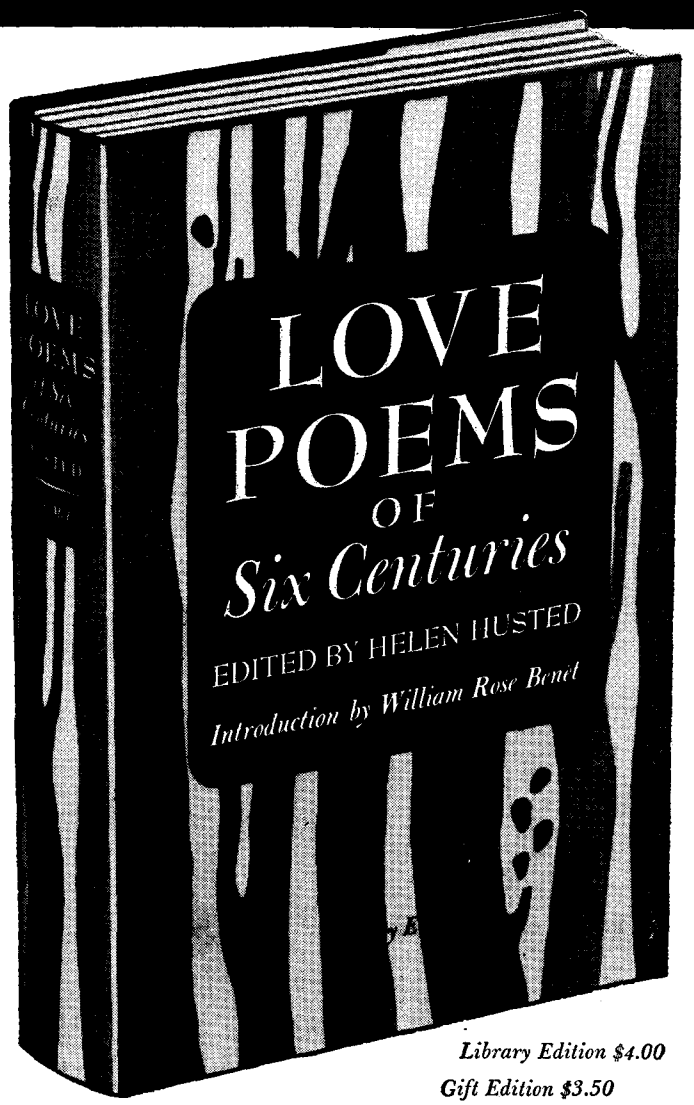

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EDITED BY HELEN HUSTED
Introduction by William Rose Benét

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